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silence, but also, in his best work, to a sense of the disturbing future that is amount of laughter or irresponsibility can laughter serve. And there was the man himself, dying of a lung disease, regularly inhaling opium—a picture of frailty and defiance that seemed to me to epitomize the most enduring elements in his work.

His music films that way. If he felt like it, he'd stop shooting and play the piano for a while until he got another idea. The crowd didn't mind, the camera operators kept the lens on him, and he was on the Trolley and Fortune went by, but his McCarty interview was all of the three or four most successful film makers in Hollywood—his pictures made a lot of money. As he life continued, though, it began to read like one of those screwball comedies. He had a half brother, he had a mistress, he had a near-fatal auto accident, Dutch Deane (during the Fifties) and Marilyn—barely—passed—he made only four pictures, all of them interesting, only one of them (*An Affair to Remember*) a success both commer-

I had eleven more sessions with him in the next six months, but even the second time he was a different person. His lapses were longer, the black areas more and more frequent. I could see him slipping away. They wouldn't even let him have the medicine anymore.

The last three times I saw him, I ran one of his own films for him in his room, hoping to stir some moments of how he had achieved those often inspired moments of obviously improvised comedy. It helped very little. Though he laughed through several times during the runings. In fact, his humor was the one thing least diminished. It was extraordinarily alive, and when he smiled or laughed, his face was suddenly better than anyone, no longer all irrepressible guy, incoherently mischievous. It was almost shocking, the change.

Of course, I didn't really know him. I never really met Les McCarty. Only a pale shadow of the man who'd made the film. Perhaps that's why so few of his friends visited him at the hospital, and why he probably preferred it that way. Letting Denise come regularly inspired Norman once or twice. Frank Cooper ("Ma hoo," McCarty called him). The singer of his slow death must have been too much to bear for Gus who'd known him well—the handsome, reckless, crazy Irishman who understood people. **88**

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Prague experts are skeptical as to whether the environmental benefits of these plants will be felt by the general public. Some people in the Czech Republic do not even know what a biomass plant is, let alone how it works. In addition, the plants are not yet operational, and the Czech government has not yet decided whether to build them. The plants are not yet operational, and the Czech government has not yet decided whether to build them. The plants are not yet operational, and the Czech government has not yet decided whether to build them.

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Figure 2. Relationship between the number of species and the number of individuals in the assemblages of the studied communities.

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 This paper is part of the special issue on "The Role of the Firm in the Supply Chain."

TRAVEL NOTES

RICHARD JOSEPH

Grenada is the perfect spot for a honeymoon. It's a tiny island, 13 miles by 10, and it's more off-the-radar variety. It's pronounced Gren-ee-dah, by the way. Grenada is in the Caribbean, between the islands of Spanish and Nicaragua. The remainder is a result of the small island's long history. Columbus called it Grenada when he first visited it in August 1498, but because of the fecundity of the Greek island then in residence, it was called only a short time later.

Spanish navigators who followed called the island Grenada, supposedly because its lush green hills resembled them of home, but when the French first bought the island from the Guianese for "some knives and hatchets, two bottles of brandy and a large quantity of green beads," they preferred to call it Grenade. The French and British passed the island back and forth between them as a result of war in the latter half of the 18th-century century, and after the French took over finally in 1763 they gave the island its present name and slogan: *paradise*.

Some travelers have as much trouble finding Grenada on the map as they do with its name. Actually it appears to be the tip of South America, but it's really only miles north of Trinidad, but south of the northernmost point of the South American continent. As the southernmost of the Windward Islands, it's about 200 miles north of the equator of St. Vincent.

To job traveler's taste, at least, Grenada is just the right size for Caribbean island: 100 short twenty miles long by twelve miles wide, and its 120 square miles make it less than one tenth the size of St. Vincent Island and about one third larger than Bermuda.

It's a miniature America in the variety and abundance of its tropical vegetation, its scenery shared through by Grenadian people. Its shores are ringed by some really great white-sand beaches, then the landscape works its way up through wild canyon and rolling mountain ranges to a whole range of peaks topped by 1745-foot Mount St. Catherine. But night-time views need never conflict with the knee-knocking of an island volcano which should be doing nothing, as dramatically as possible. The most likely tourist island excursion is Grand Etang Lake, a small placid body of water in the center of an intact volcano. You find it at the forty-five-minute drive from the airport into St. George's, the island capital. It's a distance of only a couple of hundred yards off the main road, and it's worth no more than a five-minute look around.

As a matter of fact, this road from the airport to town is no typical road, and the scenery is no typical of the nation's rugged, but the driver could very well do it for four miles right-riding, jaggedly. However, you might take a little more time off on your way

as from the airport for another short detour to the nearby Fort St. George's. As for sight-seeing in St. George's itself, a morning or an afternoon should be enough time for prowling around the Historic Square, Government House, the Zoo and Botanical Gardens, the old Anglican church, the two old forts overlooking the harbor, and the Richmond Hotel and Trams which the province has the best possible view of the town.

Much more interesting than even our sight-seeing is just browsing around St. George's, exploring the up-and-down streets, going through the tiny island's remaining the town's two harbors and the Grandview, which is the town's main shopping, the pink harbor. According to a local joke, steep Grandview Street is called *Constitution Avenue* because you need



a strong constitution to climb it.

Grenada's outstanding product is *Double Chocolate Biscuits*, the twenty-four-ounce old British Windward Islands variety wherever you see *Rain World* 2000. It is, in addition, the usual local products: bananas, mangoes, pineapples (about one third of the world crop), plus cinnamon, ginger and cloves—which accounts for Grenada's being called the Spice Island. All this is expected to protect Grenada's air, but when we were there last summer we couldn't smell a thing, good or bad.

One Grenada attraction that might provide the visiting tourist-center out of its lethargy in the water fishing, especially for snappers, which migrate through offshore waters by the thousands during the winter, when it's not unusual for a boat to get thirty, stacked in a day. The Grenadian wind-fishermen use a variety-two pounds and the average weight is about four-to-five pounds. Blue snappers, one of the world's most highly prized game fish, is also fairly plentiful in these waters. They average about two hundred pounds, and the recreational resort has in a dock hundred-ton pusher. They have more than four boats, a shark, and a blue marlin weighing about twelve hundred pounds was caught by a recreational Grenadian. Yellowfin or Albino tuna swimming

about on hundred and fifty pounds fast during the winter north of Grenada, and there's good fishing, too, for dolphins, white marlin, kingfish and wahoo. Best time for fishing here is during the trade winds season from November to March. The water is often choppy then, but it's rarely rough on the lee side of the island and very rarely in a day's fishing hurt to the weather.

Up and a few years ago, sailing anchors found it difficult to charter any sort of boat for fishing sport, now they have the choice of four excellent boats. Two of the finest sports-fishing boats in the Caribbean are the *Shirley* and the *Grandview*, both owned by the island's husband at the Grenada Yacht Services in St. George's for \$150 a day including tackle, bait, drinks—everything except fuel. Two smaller boats are also available at rates ranging between \$80 and \$100 a day.

Other land sports include water-skiing, skin diving, spear fishing and of course the sailing that is the island's leading attraction for visiting sportsmen. Five miles on the superb stretch of Grand Anse Beach that begins about two miles south of St. George's and continues for about two miles more. On the opposite side of the peninsula on the southeastern end of the island is another fine beach area, *St. Anne's Anse Epaves*, and all the top resort hotels are situated in these two.

Largest and one of the newest hotels on the island is the 100-room *Holiday Inn* on Grand Anse Beach. It opened a little over a year ago and has a swimming pool, a water park and two tennis courts, and, with a novel restaurant and a program of planned entertainment, it is the only hotel on the island offering anything like the busy resort activity found on the larger and busier Caribbean islands. St. George's most luxurious hotel, the *Panorama* Eric M. Goyer was taking a couple of days vacation at the hotel while we were there. Even here, though, you will see evidence of Grenada's generally low price level. The peak season rate is only \$56 a day, double. Modified American Plan, and after April 15 a drop to \$27. All hotels in Grenada also have percent service charge and five percent government tax to their bills.

Another big hotel is the *Calabash*, which has twenty suites, each with private veranda, a ten-room spa in eight acres of grounds along the beach at *St. Anne's Anse Epaves*. Double rate is winter is \$44 a day, all meals included, and during the off-season the room rate drops to \$38, including breakfast. Newly in operation and delightfully little hotel called *Blenheim Bay* has only twelve rooms in several beach areas, and the peak season rate is only \$65 double. Modified American Plan. The rooms are beautifully appointed and the food is repeatedly the best on the island. Certainly we enjoyed a six-pink dinner there one night. **RR**

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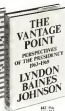


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Mr. West would do far better to examine the more tangleful contract between Ellsberg and the United States as his official employer. Ellsberg would perhaps argue that he was free to disregard his part of West contract and the associated obligation to abide by his employer's security regulations because the contract had already been ruptured. The government was in breach of the contract, the argument would



can, by virtue of disinformation policies collected only to deceive the public and a gross disregard for the lessons of the Papers themselves. Whether or not Miss West would find herself convinced, as I am, by such arguments, these are the contractual relationships upon which she should focus.

DENNIS J. DRABHELLE
Arlington, Va.

Johnson West does not believe that Dr. Ellsberg had the right to break his contract with the state.

I would like to call her attention to a seventeenth-century English philosopher whose writing greatly influenced our founding fathers.

"There it is like the common question will be made. Who shall be judge whether the prince or legislative act is contrary to their trust? This, perhaps, is affected and tedious men may spread amongst the people, when the prince only makes use of his due prerogative. To this I reply, The People shall be judge; for who shall be judge whether his trustee or deputy acts well and according to the trust reposed in him, but he who deputes him and must, by having deputed him, have still a power

to domestic wars when he finds in his trust? If this be reasonable in particular cases of private men, why should it be otherwise in that of the greatest nation, where the welfare of millions is concerned and also where the evil, if not potentiated is greater, and the remedies very difficult, dense, and dangerous? (From John Locke's *Of Civil Government*, Second Edition.)

This principle is written into the Declaration of Independence and appears again in Abraham Lincoln's first inaugural address. It is not only the right of the citizen, but the duty of every American. It is the premier upon which this country was based.

In order to pass judgement upon one's "prison" one must first have access to information that reveals the true nature of the person or persons to be judged. Hence, we also say, "The People have the right to know."

Only a fool would assert that this principle would permit publication of material that was harmful to the security of our country. The standards—*"Top Secret," "Secret"* and *"Confidential"*—are designed to prevent such security breaches. They are not supposed to provide a smokescreen for the manipulative techniques and dishonesty of elected officials and their representatives.

Dr. Elsheng tried to bring his findings to the elected representatives of the people. Feeling that he took his case directly to the people by giving the Pentagon Papers to *The New York Times*. Drawing from the revelations of this publication, the government sought an injunction to prevent further disclosure.

The people's "right to know" was affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States in its decision to allow The Times to continue publishing this material.

The action taken by Dr. Klingberg and The Times has been vindicated by that decision.

LARRY T. FULCHER
Marquette, Mich.

The library market

The literary section or multiple subscription was begun in the early 1960's. Douglas Mount (*My Two Hens Midden* [Taitai and Lala To Mai] ..., December). Mr. Mount, quite remarkably accurate in most other details, obviously did not check this one. The literary section was quite common in the 1920's.

Example: C. T. Bratford, president and owner of the McClure Newspaper Syndicate, mentioned Kaiser Wilhelm's memoirs and Popper's *Life at Court*. As Managing Editor of the McClure Syndicate in 1920 I was involved in the edition of General Pershing's memoirs, as a leader, in connection with Century Publishing Co. Our bid was \$225,000. The General wanted more. We withdrew. Stokes, in connection with both *The New York World* and *The New York Times*, was the successful

bedside—fortunately for the losses. In 1929 I managed the section of Cal Coudler's daily column. The *New York Herald Tribune* called the field and published his 200 words (five days a week) for one year (\$500 a week for the New York City territory alone).



Shane then, and before there are reasonable examples of use of the auction process in marketing literary rights:

HAROLD MATSON
New York, N.Y.

Basic good friends

The most disgusting thing about Marvin Kimm's article (*Some of My Life's Best Friends Are Black, Interracial*) is its pose of honesty and sincere reconciliation. I feel sorry for Felix, who has a friend who sells and trades like a two-year-old who has never contempt for Kimm's neighbors and their racist systems for the number of black kids they can tolerate in their apartments at one time. But much of all I am horrified that the black kids have to come in contact with such awful people.¹

FRANCIS D. BENT
New York, N. Y.

Speaking volume _____

Ranking values

Had your testament be written.
Savouring the history of Jane, Secun-
lar, been published earlier, all the pre-
vious volumes of biology would have
been unnecessary. Congratulations on
a fine tribute to a great human being.
David Packer
Sheffield, Mass

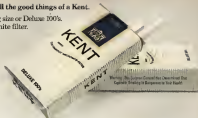
The persistent challenge

We are certain that you've received countless protests from concerned women and non-discriminators about your shameful attack on Gloria Steinem (LHR) in the October issue of your magazine. But as women journalists, we would like to lodge our own complaints about the professional techniques used by the writer in the preparation of the story and the sexist motivations on the part of *Esquire's* editors in commissioning the article in the first place.

(Continued on page 372)

What a good time for all the good things of a Kent.

Mild, smooth taste. King size or Deluxe 100's.
And the exclusive Micronite filter.



Outdoors'n Kent!



Range 15 mg/lar
10 mg antibiotic
100 ± 10 mg/lar
1.3 mg antibiotic
as per capsule
ITC Nager

Our new clock not only has a face it also has a mouth.

You've got to hear our talking clock to believe it. And even then you may think you're not hearing right. Because inside our clock is the voice of a beautiful girl. That'll tell you the exact time. Every time you touch the top.

Never will "Seven o'clock" sound more beautiful. Or "Six forty-seven" as exact. Or "Five thirty-two" as thrilling. As when our talking alarm

clock wakes you with those beautiful words.

And if you need a little nudging to get you out of bed, the girl made our clock will do just that. She'll talk to you every ten seconds. For up to three minutes. So if her first "Seven o'clock" doesn't move you, her next five will probably do the trick.

Even when you're completely awake, you'll find Panasonic's talking clock a conversation

piece. You can set it to announce the time every hour on the hour. Or if you don't want to listen to the correct time, you can listen to the correct radio station, FM or AM. Because we also put high sounding radio inside.

The "Talk-True," Model RC-6000. Now you don't have to open your eyes at night to see what time it is. Because our new clock is more than just a pretty face.

"Seven o'clock"



Panasonic.
just slightly ahead of our time.

What makes a successful executive?

The
Executive Program®
invites you to
take any 3 books
(valued to \$43.95)
all for only \$3.95

If you buy more than one book, we make it even better by shipping the third book to you free.



(all 3 books shown)

WHY, WHEN & HOW TO GO PUBLIC. This book is a must-read for anyone who wants to be heard in business, industry, or the community. It's a guide to the art of public speaking, writing, and thinking. \$12.95

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Look helps. Skill helps a lot more. Modern management plans for what you know, and how well you know it. The new techniques of decision-making, forecasting, analysis, and planning. The new standards for judging profitability. That's where The Executive Program comes in. It keeps you on top of the trends, gives you added areas of expertise. With the few important books no executive can afford to be without. At considerable savings. We think you'd be wise to look into it.

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PRESENT SHOCK DAVID M. HORVITZ

Sufferers from migraine headaches are not likely to be much comforted by the fact that their miseries have plagued—Ferdinand Magellan, Alessandro Pope, Rudyard Kipling and George Bernard Shaw. Indeed, they may be more reassured that even, well, during what medical science has been doing all this time. The cause of migraine is still very much in doubt, and drugs designed to prevent or relieve the attacks, at best, the most effective ones can have serious side effects and must be used with great caution. New studies of attack-related but mostly function research throughout the world, a thoroughly sound and effective non-drug treatment has popped up, wholly unthought in science.

Researchers at the Menninger Foundation in Topeka were treating subjects in whom they believe the symptoms took when the neurotransmitter glutamate was the purpose of the treatment was to demonstrate that most likely migraine may be due to an excessive control of the neurotransmitter system could, in fact, be subjected to voluntary control. For two of the subjects, this control in mind was made a special payoff, dramatic relief from chronic migraine headaches. Another study, this one designed specifically for migraine sufferers, was quickly instituted, and now several others have achieved the same relief.

Dr. Joseph Denenberg, professor of psychology at the University of California, reports that he is still somewhat baffled by all of this. It is apparent, however, that the migraine is independent of the blood as caused by an increased flow of blood through them, that Dr. Denenberg believes, after the flow of blood into the head is well. Whenever the precise nature of that stimulus, it appears to be decidedly beneficial, at least for migraine sufferers. Many of the subjects have only in "other" the temperature in their hands upward in order to stop migraine attacks that previously would have necessitated that the subjects take pills. (Usually in only one side of the head), sometimes with nausea and occasionally even with bladder pain and lights that seem to flash before the eyes. The subject who, despite medication, had asymptomatic migraines at a four-month period prior to treatment had only four mild attacks in the five months post learning the hand-warming technique.

The learning process is simple. The hands are attached to a device, and temperature is measured on a scale that is visible to the subject. With this accomplished sort of "bio-feedback," the subject quickly learns to push the temperature upward. Most cannot explain exactly how they do this, but it is apparent that they make associations between certain sensory processes or modes of mind and motor fluctuations.

Soon they are able to depress with the water, aluminum, and, completely unassisted, with the temperature upward whenever they feel an attack coming on.

Dr. Sargent says that of relieving the treatment is a migraine even, but claims that it now "makes a significant difference" in the lives of those who suffer from the headaches. Most of his subjects have been able to carry on with their lives as they would, and only a very few have failed to respond at all to the treatment. A more extensive study, including patients from other, as well as migraines, is planned. Sargent, it appears, may be in for some compelling

A headache of another stripe is a common disease. V.D. is so common and in some cases is so resistant to drugs, that doctors are beginning to turn to desensitization or even psychotherapy and genetic procedures. Because desensitization after treatment is now being recommended for women, and men are well advised to avoid pregnancy after treatment. This latest research seems away and in sometimes, though not always, an effective anti-migraine treatment.

Even better is the Model T of control, the common. Dr. James Leary of the National Center for Disease Control in Atlanta observes that a properly used condom can prevent V.D. better than ninety-five percent of the time. Another explanation for this may also be an effective prophylactic, according to Dr. James McKinnon Pollock of the University of Hawaii. The belief, that contracted from his father, who ate kava, has been the belief of many a judge and the subject of considerable scientific study among many an American family. Nevertheless, it is said to be responsible for the low percentages seen in the male French.

Fighting the bugan is a less intimate fight, according to London's Imperial College who have at least a partial answer to The Medicine Channel, the documentary series. The currently sounding the message that wants are going to spread the word. Unless that is, we come up with something better than Mr. B. B. B. and C. T. Lewis have to offer in desensitization, to be sure, but not as much as plastic desensitization to reject insects. They have discovered that a suspension of washed leaves or seeds from the Eilat Island trees will repel a variety of insect species, even when applied to other plant foliage. Recently, the researchers applied the active ingredient of the seeds, a chemical called sesquiterpene, to the soil in which young bean plants were growing. Then they exposed the plants to hungry beetles, and found that the beetles were repelled. The researchers found that even after twenty-five days of exposure,

the plants were still largely unharmed. It may be too early to say that some seeds and their contents are going to replace DDT and the like, but at least they provide another tiny light at the end of the tunnel.

Still other seeds are in the news these days as the first independent, commercial sperm banks. They open their doors to a wide range of fertility planning with no more than public seed, such banks may eventually catch on by the time of the first open men's Genetic Laboratories, Inc., in Worcester, and in medical clinics. Dr. Robert A. Erick, reports that the bank is getting even more serious progress from men's sperm banks. Most banks, however, are usually not reversible, some men apparently prefer to put some sperm in the sperm bank before the sperm is, or possibly performed at least, is usually not reversible, some men apparently prefer to put some sperm in the sperm bank before the sperm is, or possibly performed at least, is usually not reversible, some men apparently prefer to put some sperm in the sperm bank before the sperm is, or possibly performed at least, is usually not reversible.

There is another commercial sperm bank in St. Paul, and two have recently opened in New York City. They charge from \$10 to \$20 for sperm collection and preparation and \$10 to \$15 a year for storage. The sperm is obtained by masturbation in a sterile container, below zero F. At the temperature, it will keep indefinitely. To be as the subject, Dr. Erick recommends that each donor store three or more specimens. There is really no question about the efficacy of the technique, however. Last year alone some 3,000,000 could were used from frozen sperm, and the first human conceived in this way is now a seventeen-year-old male in good health.

Beyond insurance, there is a number of other "indications" for getting into some sperm banks who work under physician's supervision, however, and even more, however, for example, the could be classified in the process. Thus, they too may want to bank some sperm in reserve. Men with low sperm counts, their spouses may want to have a little something behind for their sons-in-law, and for example to preserve their wives through artificial insemination.

Men who must be separated from their wives for long periods are also bank sperm in their respective sperm banks, if desired, in their absence. This, of course, some men, conscious of the fact that they are likely to produce their own sperm may want to have a little something behind for their sons-in-law, and for example to preserve their wives through artificial insemination.

Thanks to these new banks, modern men may now have a little something behind for their sons-in-law, and for example to preserve their wives through artificial insemination.

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"My piece of the Rock weighs a ton."

"Some of my premiums are invested in stock. My policy guarantees dollars for our kids college education. It has a piece of the Rock."

Investing with a Prudential insurance program that gives his family financial security right now.

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For the past 25 years airlines have been promoting hot meals and movies so hard that today most people can only think of airline service in terms of "when do I eat and what's the movie?"

At Pan Am, we don't think that's a basis for choosing an airline.

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(It even tells you how to get from the airport of your destination to your hotel)



You run a little short of cash. Or you realise that mail from home isn't writing to you.

In short you need someone you can turn to for help and advice. We are the

And you don't pay anything extra for any of these services. Or the prevacation planning. Or your Pan Am ticket.



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A great martini also is the essential ingredient.

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you'll know why vermouth belongs

DON'T STIR WITHOUT NOLLY PRAT

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NOW! TAKE THIS COMPLETE 8-TRACK STEREO TAPE CARTRIDGE SYSTEM

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Here's the real advantage, most overlooked, most overlooked way for you and your family to enjoy stereo music in your home. It's the famous 8-track cartridge (8-track stereo) 8-track stereo cartridge system. Now you may have the Stereo 8-track stereo system for only \$19.95—a price even below the cost of one 8-track stereo tape—when you join the Columbia Tape Club and buy the two 8-track stereo tapes and receive the 8-track stereo cassette tape cartridges during the coming two years—12 months by direct mailing.

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My name is and I am years old.

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For the man who wants to experience all



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How do you envision the 12-month period as a whole in the future, on a scale of 1-10?



Figure 24.10 shows the values recorded in the 1000 iterations, through a visualization of the data as contained in *Iterations.txt* in A.1.10.



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—and interfered with the trophy.

Like many of the master builders, Francis was a good athlete and must be, at a crucial one. As a midget player he is played only seven-five games. He is remembered as quick—better. The Cal—determined, but limited. In fact, he'll be played and managed in Canadian money leagues, making the big-league game only by legal admission (as in a possible one or two games from the Yankees and the Mets).

When the old Negro National and American leagues folded, Francis remained the Kansas City Monarchs, the team of Jackie Robinson and Babe Ruth. They were the best remaining talent and integrated the team he was managing in his hometown of St. Louis, Mo. (which, during a game in Kansas early that season, he stopped out of the dugout and came out into the field with a chair—“Stagger-lower”).

Francis called to the man who was sitting in the grandstand, “I’d like to see you come out on the field and say that.” He remembers with humor that the man came eagerly, “and looked like he’d been kicked up under the seat. It was my own son, and he’d become too friendly.”

As the race reached the climax, Francis called to an usher, “Don’t let any more come on the field—especially the big ones quickly, give a lot of tips to my fan and show the lastest people he could, show which one of his ever friends had to assist him.”

As disappointed himself from baseball when he moved into the Ranger from office and, as he became coach-general manager in New York City, he felt a long way from the Canadian place. But all things had to be changed and when he came back to New York City, the Rangers, Francis moved over to a Garden arena and to speak with his fans. A few days later he was read for Elopement designs. “How does he want it,” Francis asked his lawyer “Cash or check?”

The race went to trial long afterward as a Brooklyn Supreme Court and Francis’ attorney both the defense moved his client’s son. “How much do you want,” the defense asked and “One hundred forty, nothing,” Francis said.

“Just answer the questions,” said the judge.

The defense went well and, after the examination, the jury member twice passed on the way to the jury room, offered a verdict to Francis and said, “Good luck.”

“Myself,” Francis, “intended the proceeding attorney.”

“What did he say?” the judge asked.

“Good luck in the arena,” Francis said, adding desperately.

The judge ruled Francis’ Francis will have to return to Brooklyn Supreme Court, perhaps, considering the law’s delay, someone in 1977.

The Rangers game against Los Angeles was several hours away. Francis sat in his office at Madison Square Garden, a large third-floor room, and talked about his team “Monarchs,” he said. “You had the that

fast. Speed is how a hockey player makes a living. Then shooting. A hockey player must be able to shoot and be a skilled one, his stick. You need a certain kind of talent. It doesn’t matter how powerful a man can walk on a stick. Hockey is not a stop, start, stop. These graceful movements for the ice skater. A hockey player turns fast. When they have the puck, the whole team is playing defense. When we’re in a goal, we’re all playing off-ice. It changes in a second. You get no time for graceful moves.”

“I like players with a certain size. The best way to get the puck is to let the man who’s carrying it. Make contact. I want men who can play their position and who know how to play. The puck moves faster than the fastest skater. And all of these things don’t matter unless a skater has these things to be better, to survive, to take pain and to give some.”

One minute into the game, Red Gilbert, pronounced Jiltbert, a handsome, mousy looking out of Montreal, skated home a goal from his center man, Jack Kapriel. When the first evened—hockey became play a twenty-second stretch—Francis pulled both men briefly on the shoulder. Watching during a close first period, you could see a coach who looked like his pants.

Francis strided behind his men, roaring, always roaring, to and fro, discussing officials, complaining and re-creating men who made remarkable plays, with the same terse pat.

In the second period a heavier support appeared. Pierre Jerry, a Ranger masher, jumped the Los Angeles defense, Bob Palford. At center ice, Palford drew an elbow from Francis. Both men dropped sticks and claved and began twisting. The strategy is a hockey fight is to pull the other man’s jersey

over his eyes and then punch him. Palford was working on Jerry’s shirt—front of the chest, the chestplate on a padded coat, gently thrown—when the two men pined apart and out of the ice for four minutes.

When Jerry showed out of the penalty box he hurried into the zone, perhaps looking for another bout of short selling. But Francis did not want him in the zone. The coach pounded the boards before the Ranger bench and shouted, “Jerry. Get over here!” At length, when Jerry heard him, Francis indicated with a stick gesture that he was to sit on the end of the bench, in temporary disgrace.

“Benny,” Jerry began. Francis walked away.

The Rangers cheered. The team has no spectators—Francis prefers complete quiet, including people’s noise—but they were happy, faster, together than Los Angeles. They were, T to L, without spending much more time than they had at the light workout.

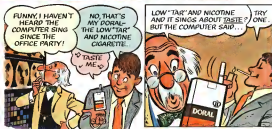
The players dressed quickly. Francis allows no beer in the dressing room. The coach held court in a small room, his dressing a down American journalist and two visiting Swiss on what they had seen, “Gibson came by our defense too. We didn’t win. We got seven goals. The other goals, but he made some good stops.” The old Greg Bengel spoke. Denying the opposition during games? Better than afterward.

“Eric,” someone began a complex question, “how things are going with all the winning, isn’t it a little frustrating?” “It’s not so further.”

“Frustrating,” roared Ernie Francis, the old Dutchman’s somewhat perfect. “Frustrating,” called the Minnesota team of a half-hour. “Frustrating all these games. Frustrating!” He been willing of my life for a time like this.”



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Smelling Out the Enemy in Belfast

by Dave Archer

A very informal investigation of the Troubles

numbers of bones were even found in cardboard boxes with the word "beef" written on the side—apparently to mislead buyers to a worthless death.

The ferry, however, showed no signs of strain. Packed with jockeyed school children and businessmen returning from trips to England and Scotland, the boat could have been anywhere in the bustling Western world. As we neared Lough, a part city just north of Belfast, several dozen Irishmen left their seats to walk to the ship's rail. They all wore three-piece tweed suits, and flat caps pulled down over the tops of their foreheads—something done to camouflage them. They were straining to catch the first sight of Ireland.

We were thoroughly astounded at the thought of Irishmen returning to their bathhouse and relatives after forty years on say, Cleveland or Pittsburgh streets. Later, we were told that the "wild and" behavior was common even after a day's trip to the mainland.

The train ride from Larne to Belfast took about an hour. We passed houses infrequently at first, and then entered the outskirts of Belfast. The houses were built of dark brick, and could have been anywhere in the poorer urban areas of Britain: Manchester, South Wales, or Glasgow, except for one thing: It was almost none at all, and there were

We were met at Belfast's York Road station by an Irish psychological and his wife. There was but only one in the parking lot, but not the only vehicle near the station. The others were army personnel vehicles, each with one or more rifles protruding out the back. The soldiers wore bulky bulletproof vests.

As the psychologist drove out of the parking lot, he said, "On the way down, we tried to think of some way to take you to our home without passing bombed-out buildings, but it can't be done. Anyway, we congratulate you for coming to Belfast."

We drove past the Belfast City Hall

In one building, a storefront called

ing office of some religious charity, the ground-floor room had been gutted, and half the ceiling in the room above had disappeared. We could not tell, from the signs over the storefront, whether the charity was Protestant or Catholic.

We passed police stations. The stone
 houses were brick, and very similar to
 small city police stations in the States.
 But there were, in addition, defenses
 that would have looked most at home

one of the rural battle scenes of the world. In front of the structure, a bunker had been built of stacked sandbags, and was flanked by coils of barbed wire. Inside the bunker, a lone sentry pointed his rifle out a narrow slit between the top sandbags and the corrugated roof of the structure. The sentry was not in large numbers, and the center of Belgium was quietly covered for soldiers.

In the days that followed we saw most of the "bombed areas" of Belfast. We were told that the numerous casualties of Northern Ireland made the entry of bombing targets rather easy. For example, I. M. A. Lyons seemed to indicate that almost in the city—most it is strategic, an excellent chance that the sweep is a Protestant. There are, so we were told, also bombers among the Protestants. Their targets have been those spots where the university and post offices are known to be Catholic. Despite what is referred to as a "bible war" in Belfast, very few churches have been bombed.

Other bombing targets have more symbolic than economic meaning. For example, any building or organisation which supports or harbours the legitimacy of Northern Ireland (the E.R.A. thinks of Northern Ireland as rightfully a part of the Republic of Ireland) is a potential E.R.A. threat.

At the time of our visit, the most likely spiritual target in Belfast had to be exempted apologetically. "Ulster '71" an exhibition celebrating the fifth birthday of Northern Ireland, was in a large building at Queen's University. The exhibition was an excellent introduction to the problems of Northern Ireland's past, present and prospective accomplishments. The closest the latter exhibition came to a mention of religion was a message on a panel decorated with oak leaves: "Barnaby run Fast." Another message in the format was "Good Polesday." The actual exhibition was a collection of photographs of violence against the Ulster "I" celebration: the sound of a car crash was played in, without explanation.

We drove through Colgate and President neighborhoods. Internally, the neighborhoods seemed idyllic. Curfew laws were most frequently at the interface between communities. In many areas, the boundaries were "peace lines"—arroyo checkpoints fortified with long coiled snakes of barbed wire. The lines were open by day and closed by night.

Neighborhoods seemed to be strictly segregated, with relatively clear lines of demarcation. But there was at least one anomaly. Instructing Shankel Ford—one of the major militant Protestant streets of the city—is a housing project, Umoja Flats. Its tenants are Catholic, and the structure was an administrative effort at religious integration. When we saw it, Umoja Flats had handicapped laundry strong (Continued on page 122)

clouds of several days. Generation of smoke has delicious therapeutic value. So we look in any condition to attempt the climb.

During his long incarceration El Tupo has transcended the world of confinement, it seems, and moved into the world of joyful selflessness. Even his eyes have grown gentle, luminous. Now he demands himself to understand the suffering of his fellow creatures. Looked here is the mountain's beauty. He plans to dig through the walls of rock, to matter how long it might take, until he opens a tunnel. Then the miserable life within can escape out into the sunlight, into the open below.

A kindly dwarf is pulled out of his hole, dresses him in the known work clothes of a monk. The two of them climb out through the hole in the top and descend to the town, where the two men, down, scrub clothes, down and beginning penance for depression to look through the refractive lenses of rock.

The town welcomes them devoutly. It arrives with acceptance, giving hope head freedom violence with high-society decadence. Recently a young Francisco from France arrives to town. He comes to visit to reform the local church, to turn its corruption from superstition and idolatry. But his intentions are cruel, for in the sacred box of the convent, now green, come from the monastery where he was raised in search of his father.

One day, after they've been beautiful beyond endurance, El Tupo comes his dwarf body by personal marriage. When they enter the church to request the ceremony, father and son recognize one another instantly. The young monk announces his purpose, to tell his father.

El Tupo has passed beyond dread of his own death. He begs only that he first be allowed to complete his chosen task. Once he's finished his tunnel through the mountain and out to his prisoners free, he will submit himself to execution. The son agrees. For a while, dressed in the new familiar black nun's habit, he covers the daily round of begging, dining, sleeping.

At length, he grows impatient with the delay and draws his gun. El Tupo agrees him to spend time in his prison in their labor. He accepts, however not only his father's order—but even better-to-be but he agrees as well. For he could not fail to be allowed to live willingly the old man, escape movement from the stone, have slowly he enters his endless degradation. He moves to escape that his father is no longer the same man at all. Now a thimble, they too submitted together.

El Tupo's transformation, by the final moment, is deep and great, the one of his soul turned truly to the cries of his undergrowth. He embodies the ancient strength: "So much there is in man, only the greatest opportunity to serve." So by the time the task is done, the tunnel burst through, and has accepted father as spiritual liberator. He has never lived for himself.

The detained captive of the cat-

tle's mask cut through the hole, devotion with freedom, near down the mountain. Below, the townspeople gather with guns, looking main street. A wedding party. A bride awaits. They protect their property.

El Tupo arrives too late to greet the daughter. He studies the entire first late, backs then up, his resolve so powerful their bullet up through his body without slowing him down.

The love hunger for vengeance grips him. These townspeople had known him only as a violent-outlawed beggar, a fool. Now his sanctimonious is shattered. He assumes to hatred is lost, grabs up a rifle, and eliminates every last one of them. Then he takes up a basket, dresses himself with lace and imitates himself, like the French monks of Vietnam. During the mission, up on the mountain, the dwarf body was giving birth to his child. Now the rules out of town with El Tupo's two sons.

"The main sign is under the earth, making the sea," the priest says. "When he reaches the surface, he is blinded."

I've put so much as mentioned the several episodes (pigs, kids, adults, love, fire, escape the streets at midnight), but the bottom line: what happens the two girls, not a down further (pigs) and (demonstrations). Yet even in society a summary must yield some sense of how sublimely Jodorowsky plots entire upon scenes. And how he makes his religious?

A number of hours are plus ideal

enough to make any sophisticated shock to head density. The elegant words, and all the rest of the cinematic motif. That beauty means everything. A birth made of the death of the flesh. A score of images in this film might represent a high-water mark for heavenly-dreamed.

But there's something awesome in Jodorowsky, too, more so modern, right at the center of these qualities we could hardly label religious or spiritual. I think it comes first in his emotional confidence in himself as an artist—before the same thunder and lightning in the very ancient artists of mystery, and more. And second in his unshaken presentation of himself as a religious artist, burning with these personal Christian Questions which most modern artists, in any medium, consider themselves too sophisticated to say with.

This failure of sophistication, this belief which ignores the limits of what we know in art today with a straight face, may infuriate professional critics more than the layman. Perhaps critics are more correct of large artists than others, and therefore greater to despise its overconfidence. In any event, they like to sweep down vigorously as with their steps forward to answer itself. "The thing something I want here, something really big." One thing I've learned about myself doing this column: I've a lot more knowledge to find, additional work—more if it gets involved at times—than I am to perfect, managerial work. **B**



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The Thousand Days of Edward M. Kennedy

by Barton Hensch

They began with a junket to Alaska, shortly before Chappaquiddick. Who knows how they will end?

In mid-April of 1969, conceding "reluctantly" to Senator Ralph M. Fiarberg's request that he himself take over Bob Kennedy's Special Subcommittee on Indian Education, Edward Kennedy directed a bipartisan group of Senators through a three-day, tedium-busting investigation of the Alaska and death-belted buses of Alaska's 50,000 Indians, Eskimos and Aleuts. Like so many attempts to muddle through the effects of Bobby before and afterward, the trip proved emotionally pointless. The touring was rugged, 5,000 miles punctuated wherever the party's three little C-130s landed down into northern rivers to let its caravans of legislators and staffers and newsmen, wade through high-altitude Arctic snow after desolate villages and forgotten stone-age corners of the North like Tukuluk and Nupiguluk. The expedition simply could not help looking, in White House strategists' like an in-cap version of Bobby's trench in darkened Delta Mississippi—the aquifer sought out, the camera, the New Yorker discovering the inevitable pathetic anthropological still waiting away from, workday, in a corner (the time of penmanship, not penmanship), the famous establishment, charges of oppression. Repeating perhaps, satisfying for sure in the time in Kennedy, but here, harder maybe by mistake, because as the tour became so intensely politicized the chance to successfully anything substantial reached and the opportunity for harmful leaders was everywhere. Every question had to be read as gesture, every gesture was threatening. As the strain tightened, writer Brock Brewer—inspired by Kennedy's path into his thoughts during one of the plane rides, produced some justification to himself for being there, doing this—watched him withdraw, "as such it is time," in anticipation and with a heavy bellish sigh of depression, the slow hip back that had been Bobby's. "First time I've used it," Kennedy told Brewer, needing badly to make that clear.

Retreating low by step in civilization, the atmosphere how down more heavily on Kennedy hour by hour. Still loosened up enough to search himself, he talked about his father, his dead brother Joe, examined himself against Joe, dead and Bobby, dead. "They're going to shoot my ass off the way they shot off Bobby's," he kept muttering.

He was exhausted, dead-eyed by the time his entourage of staffers and media people filed aboard a commercial jet in Fairbanks. Except for one small family, the Kennedy group—which had held the flight up for more than an hour—was alone in a large compartment. Most systems drink, and many are devoted to drinking, but that night Kennedy shocked the most over-hauled. "He started whacking the bottle in Fairbanks," one of them remembers. "He'd had nothing to eat, and it was drink drink drink drink drink, no sleep at all. He was all over the place, waving up the aisle, chasing Rocky Snow Power, picking one of his boys with pillows. 'Come, 'C'mon, wake up, you're not supposed to sleep on these goddamned trips!' There was this poor hapless family, I remember, in the seats in front of where he would up standing, the boy was trying to sleep on the plane seat, and one of the sides brought Kennedy some very hot coffee, and he took it, and it just hung there in his hand, scalding hot, waver-ing, over the sleeping kid's face, and a couple of us got up and went over and snatched him back down into his seat. His stiff move—Brock—did what they could, but what the hell—" Ted was celebrating the fact that he had escaped for a few days from [his longtime administrative assistant] David Burke, another observer says simply "Burke is, after all, a cop's son, but Dick Burke simply couldn't control Teddy when trouble was coming."

Kennedy kept at it on the last leg of the flight, from Portland, Oregon, to Dallas Airport in Washington. A snarl crowd, fronted by Joan and the three Kennedy children, was waiting for him. "We started to get ourselves together," a spokesman remembers. "I looked out and everybody was there all right, the TV camera, the whole world. I left behind Kennedy and he did look awful, his eyes were like oysters on the half shell. Joan saw him and her jaw dropped four feet. I remember thinking, 'That's all for you, buddy. That little Patrick walked over to him, and Kennedy patted the little boy up and kissed him, and Patrick's head blocked off the camera, and Kennedy was home free. The kid stole the show.'"

It was a revealing incident, although the pre-Chappaquiddick press, at least, feared it. Ted Kennedy had

[illegible]

Inside the crowd of Kennedy intimates, that magnetic grid of associates and assembled trustees of the so-called Kennedy legacy, the general demographics with Ted Kennedy's off-beat notes were quickly becoming, if anything, more provincial and heavily emblematic than among the following press. Few among the advisors had much concern to pay attention, against the boom and stress of their own lobbying for position in New York or Washington, to the alien conviction to influence conservative legislators what Kennedy had renounced, choosing publicity as he worked inside the Senate.

What was happening the palace guard, the ministers, did so, toward midnight entered the big Stalag Luft 3 apartment across from the Metropolitan Museum, and the Cops, or other outside contacts, had a party. Kennedy was in the kitchen, surrounded by a crowd of friends, and he and his brother still playing it for laughs. Half of Irish drinking songs and kindred pastoral carols, and had tackled his brother the President with his rendition of "The Rose Tree." Kennedy still charmed in a way, and delivered in a way, but—especially when asked to sing by the Ruby and J.P.K. people—could not seem to bring continuous flow. He belatedly, the most lifeline pluggers, Kennedy arranged to get by, and he was not a very good singer, but a good writer, a good artist that was still, still, he avoided showing how much the lower back hurt him, the old sense of competitive tension toward his brother's leucism, as toward his brothers, was likely to triple. Kennedy was not a very good singer, but a good writer, a good artist that was still, still, he avoided showing how much the lower back hurt him, the old sense of competitive tension toward his brother's leucism, as toward his brothers, was likely to triple.

and Jews—into that heavy drinking was not so much a good man's weakness, as the Irish edge had it, as a weak man's goodness. Neither Robert nor John Kennedy, faithful to the old-fashioned dread of liquor, normally drank very much. And so it was especially surprising to the liberals to see the surviving Kennedy brother, in whom a good man, as their own unobvious counting hearts, were already starting to create some hope of a belated restoration, easing into what a number regarded as a psychological dependency on drink.

A conspiracy to use the intimate details of a policy rival's private life to undermine his public standing, as they replied on the radio, was not, however, the only reason for the intervening information. "Well, maybe that's what we need now in the Presidency. A compath, a compath with alcohol in all its circuits."

At scratch, the readers were startled that Joan Kennedy should show every sign—while still sweet, frank, considerate and unswervingly as ever—of problems of her own. Uncertainly, loneliness, the omnipresence of hard-earned security that in the rosy-tinted blue notes that seemed to infiltrate their very period dreams now—at all seemed to be transmuting them both.

Joan developed an intermittent tic in her cheek. "People criticize Jackie for giving her own way when the Kennedys are concerned," she told a reporter one year later, "but this tic really can be overwhelming. For years I went along with everything they said because I didn't want to do otherwise, but now I speak up and say what I think and it seems to work out better for everyone." Joan had developed in 1964 into too effective a campaigner in water—the had hustled hard for Bob Kennedy in 1960, and she had been instrumental in that fall, according herself to the nomination, the private trip to Paris, the refreshments and polite excuses with women in society. No time before now.

Neither was dependable, the children felt it—the carelessly little Teddy was obsessed all day with the idea that he would never see his father again, so that his father broke off whatever he was doing to call him up and calm him down, reassure him toward nightfall.

Throughout all of which serious Kennedy sisters watched. "If you get drunk regularly in public with various important personalities," one of them vented bitterly thoughtfully, of Ted, "there has to be an element of self-banalization present, doesn't there?"

Equally with the girls, the boys were who were immensely amused that spring as very probably the youngest son, President of the United States.

Yet who among the intimates could claim, the Saturday morning the calamity at the Chappaquiddick bridge shattered the political news, have anticipated something like this? What started with only mulling, from the office chaise longue/sofa/bed, *Go-die-die!* fringes of the thing, that overnight it was going to turn into something close to epochal, halfway Wagnerian, The Fall of the House of Kennedy? Out of a gesture, something so — so desultory, so meandering. Out of this expounding several hours of the minutiae of a political career, a man's life, while for the brief, sheer moment of the efforts so far, colorful, whatever, was unambiguously of use.

It started, most people involved agree, with Jacy Gargan, writer, actor, hapless Joe Busby playing out his role, his "let us life," as he liked to refer to it sometimes after enough drinks, in boxes that you would rarely understand what almost-Kennedy-hood meant. If anybody won the prod that weekend it was—he was *himself* the first to make the point—Gargan. Joe convinced the traditional long regatta weekend at Bialystok in the perfect format: within which to conduct



Measurements by field visits

a sponges of Kennedy sociability toward longtime ad-
vancing sidekicks during the grueling Massachusetts
campaign of the winter. But Ladd, Chris Trotter,
Paul Marikhan—with an effort to show some grati-
tude to the boiler-room girls Gargan had gotten to know
in the Spring of 1960 bouncing in and out of the 26th
and I Street D.C. headquarters between advancing
campaigns along the primary circuit. Among the bronze-
driving sides who cheered Bobby's late hard effort
together, Gargan's talents had not been taken very
seriously compared with, say, the assertive genius of
the advancing showman Jerry Brown around the boiler
room, however, the overworked girls—pressed constantly
to keep straight the massive influx of information,
synthesize it and feed it back to the "read room" of the
peripatetic Robert Kennedy—appreciated Gargan's car-
rying autists for them, his reliable good-humored
senses. Needing it badly, he batted himself in their
athletic for fondness and their inherently clear com-
munications. For the girls knew him well, and when the
time came—in the judgment of the directive peo-
ple in the Kennedy intelligence setup—to phase out
the pattern of reliance to this assortment of aide if
avoid rather heady young women.

Friction as the scene unfolded in the "six married
women secretaries (somebody collapse-sleep over-
night)" formula the girls immediately started to feed
their readers, almost nobody in the clerical and wa-
gones public scene then or afterward to have caught
on very clearly to who was who that uncomfortable
night in Chappaquiddick Island. "If the Kennedys had
attended to stage an error I'm sure they would have
gone after a higher standard of excellence," one insider
remarks; then struck the girls themselves: "If that's
what people thought, they should have circulated pic-
tures of ourselves with our clothes off," one girl wished
afterward to her lawyer. In fact, within the Kennedy
operations, many of the girls were formidable. "People
brought them coffee," a Kennedy staffer says simply,
apologizing the boiler-room girls' status. Cautiously
pocket for discretion, brevity, honesty, humor under-
standing and the ability to stay ahead of a fast-changing net
of intelligence information, the girls were second-to-none
freedom to act, negotiate, close deals in the name of the
candidate, ease, at times, to share judgment in situa-
tions of which they themselves in many ways had the
sharpest operative knowledge. Mary Jo Kopschke was
among the most highly regarded. She learned worked
extensively with Bob's staff, spent one whole night
typing his dense breakaway Vietnam speech at Heli-
copter Hill, traveled in his behalf—they knew each other
well enough to share Kennedy-style "in" jokes, banter,
like as many Kennedy jokes, off such occasions as those
of a prominent Louisiana politico whose silk suits and
skirt and alligator shoes left both of them giggling.

Overall, among the boiler-room girls, Mary Jo Ko-
pschke was pretty much of type: she, like the Lyons
sister Mary Ellen and Nancy, was an alert, direct,
over-taxed girl of middle-class origins, self-assured,
frankly ambitious. Most were already beyond their
early adolescent marriageable mid-twenties. Mary Ellen
would shortly go after a few degrees, Esther Newberg
soon stepped into key organizing-level jobs in the Gold-
water and Nixon campaigns, most of the girls were
later willing to consent as what they collectively made
of the unlikely milieu of escorts Joe Gargan had based
into the Vineyard for them for the weekend—all well-
settled in married men except for Kennedy's now sixty-
three-year-old driver Jack Crimmon, Ray Laddon, a
semi-enthusiast of their use, the Senator himself only
around for a couple of hours. . . . There at . . .

close difference here, to put a finger on it frankly;
perhaps the only appropriate opposite number provided
was malable Chris Trotter, constitutionally (but of
course, a Boston lawyer now but willing for the week-
end, as ever, to double up as part-time driver and errand
boy if that's what the Senator wants—

Among up-to-the-minute Boston-based statehouse
insiders, the driver on the guest list of Joey Gargan's
brilliantly organized beach party was Gargan's one-
time Georgetown Prep schoolmate, Paul F. Marikhan.
By July of 1960 Paul Marikhan might have seemed well
beyond office-party after-dinner for the weekend Kennedys.
Unlike the rest of the Gargan entourage, Marikhan
had already reached a mid-career development from
which he could now begin to think of himself as really
arriving. Knowing Gargan had certainly helped stiffen
his professional rise that depended as he did on a
gently nurtured association with so powerful a group
as the Kennedy family must owe a lot to a combination
of real ability and assured tact—why else would the
Kennedys, after all, for whom there is really so little
anybody outside can do, go out of their way? In 1960
Lyndon Johnson, on Ted Kennedy's strong recommen-
dation, appointed Paul to the top Federal prosecutor's
job in the Commonwealth, U.S. Attorney. With the
party chaos in January, Marikhan had resigned his
job the May before the outbreak at Chappaquiddick.

Among politicians in Massachusetts, careful-pressed
and firm-settled as so many always were and con-
cise in his, Marikhan's kind of ready-going accom-
pany later many. Good family man, a middle-class
son, moderate—he kept himself available nonethe-
less when Joey wanted somebody to go to and go
helpful with. Approached with the usual jolliness by
Gargan a few weeks before the Edgewater regatta
weekend, Paul had readily agreed, surely, he'd come
alone and fill the party out if that was what Joey
wanted.

By cocktail night, Paul Marikhan had already found
his leg up severely sailing over in the Vineyard with
Gargan and a kid, Ronnie Hall, in a preliminary race,
and his chance to share in the glories of crewing for
Ted, once had to give up his bed at the Shawmut
Motor Inn when Ted came. He now looked forward to
two nights of listening to Jack Crimmon, the Senator's
 chauffeur, grandiose master of the sprawling Law-
rence cottage. He was to find himself drifting through
two more somewhat uncomfortable hours, until Esther
Newberg by inadvertently brushing her leg, sleep in
the back of Gargan's rented car, and finally watch
helplessly while a shocked Kennedy gave careless or-
ders that he, Marikhan, would later be visited far
crying. He started that weekend fair-haired, a thirty-
eight a personage, three miserable days later he was
all but busted, utterly reduced, singled out satirically
beneath the blinding light of the scandal as Joey Gargan's
Gargan—

On Friday, July 16, at one-thirty in the afternoon,
Kennedy's charter from Boston set down on the
Martha's Vineyard island evening. "I know,"
Kennedy acknowledged nearly afterward, "that the
girl was up there, that we were going to get together,
and there was a cottage caught. I don't think I
myself as to the details." "Congressman Tip O'Neill,
Kennedy's outside on the shuttle to Boston, remem-
bered his Massachusetts colleague as "lived as hell."
Self-driven and overworked, Kennedy was now, in the
view of one reporter who saw him in real July, "after
upright, usually pronounced," pushing, worried, tense.
Kennedy had been lunching at best about this idea of



Paintings by Joan Paul Doolittle

*Joan Paul Doolittle made it clear enough
during television interview that
that this kid brother just
didn't have it.*

Joey's, about once more broking a "tree" for the half-dozens or so girls who wanted to hand for Bobby. Certainly he'd made a considerable effort earlier, in January, when Dan Gifford and Dave Hackett had gotten together and given a party for the hotel-room group. Teddy had made a special effort to come by and join in the proceedings for as long as he could arrange to stay. In late August the girls had given a party of their own at Judy Vitale's apartment for everybody who worked with Bob. Ted hadn't been able to look in, the party went flat, and Maria Lopez, who worked in his hotel office, had chided him because he had never made it come. Kennedy remarked that, when Gorman broached the idea for the next party, he might get together. It seemed a reasonable idea on the telephone, by Friday afternoon a long evening of making an effort with the hotel-room girls had started to look like work. Arriving on the island an hour before the race started, Ted reportedly took Gorman aside and discussed actual fatigue, wondering if his fatigue was whether—Then, seeing how much having him around meant to Joey, he agreed finally to stay and pitch in as co-book for at least a couple of mid-evening hours.

Before the afternoon's race started, Jack Crummins had hopped his car over to the Edgewater wharf, across the car ferry, over Chappagadick's Main Street, out to the Lawrence cottage, to get a run on and then to lounge down the five-inch margin of the Canadian out on the grand-spectacular Dyke Road, over the Chappagadick bridge and out to the badly deserted East Beach for quick passage into the middle breakers. It was Kennedy's first look at the atop Joey had organized, by two-thirty he was back in Edgewater Harbor waiting out to the mooring of the Pictoria with Joe Gorman and Herve Hall in time for the scheduled start of the regatta competition.

By seven or so Kennedy was back in the Lawrence cottage. He had already raced, done disappointingly—perhaps—enjoyed the first cup or two of beer for the day on board, plus perhaps half a can with Ken Robinson, winner of the first leg of the race. Then Kennedy directed the crew to take him back across to the house to have a badly needed hot tub in peace before the others arrived. Reaching his torn back, Kennedy asked Crummins to please remove him a run and Coca-Cola, the first of two highballs he worked on throughout the remainder of the evening.

All afternoon Paul Marchand had been drifting back and forth between the cottages, the Yacht Club, the Edgewater Wharf, East Beach, by seven thirty, when he and Tretter and Gorman returned to the cottage for the evening, Kennedy was up and dressed in flack with pants, a polo shirt and the back brace, red and red-lined-looking after his tub, and intent on giving Jack Crummins neck ball because it appeared to Kennedy that Jack had, during the race supply, relaxed it considerably. "See, Jack, who's been drinking all the rum?" the Senator repeatedly wanted to know. "There is hardly any left, you didn't leave me any rum." Crummins, a veteran of Kennedy's popcock racing, went steadily about getting himself neatly dressed. Everybody was relaxed, after a couple of minutes of going on Kennedy's about the Gorman performance over the course the race course that afternoon, Paul Marchand and Kennedy started to talk seriously about the political ebbs of Kennedy's new whip situation.

At eight-fifteen precisely—Gorman had worked the Pictoria out satisfactorily—Joey picked up the girls and Ray LaRocca from the white rented Yukon on the Chappagadick side of the cut and brought them along

to the cottage. Most of the girls had been swimming late in the morning and, throughout the last afternoon, watched the Kennedy group race freely a boat Joe had chartered for them. They arrived now in an enormous cluster, just up from naps and out of showers, several of them dazed a little after their accustomed hours in the sun.

Gorman, already legendary for his ultra-thin, butter-milk pumkins, was sweating away out there beyond the little low pause-over divider on which the informal bar, three huge vodka gallon bottles and Scotch and a bowl of chips or whatever these are was available to everybody, and Ted was making the newcomers their first round of drinks, and outside it was getting dusky. Inside it was getting hot; Charlie Tretter, who was in and out all evening and accordingly remembers the evening in slugs, in alternately deepening moods, remembers the preoccupied argument as if it were clipped in without the sound from vintage Our Gang (Kennedy, Joe, his back to everybody, at the oven working "like a Trojan," the girls and their drinks, conversation, trouble with conversation, single foolish heads of penetration sliding down the furrows of backs just under where light summer hair looked.

Tretter had run over to Edgewater and for cigarette and so and Cole, when Joey discovered that, grilling the two-inch steaks in shells, it was going to be a while before everybody was fed, Tretter and little Cricket Keough—a pal from Bob's cottage, and with a glowy shokahn's touch for observation like Tretter's, plunged to shokahn heads—Tretter borrowed the keys to Kennedy's Edmonds from Crummins and went after a radio at the Shoretown. When they got back Cricket left her flowered purse in the Edmonds, the cottage was really hot, full of sultry sounds as the descending night had brought, it was better outside but the salt-water mosquitoes swarmed beneath the pine trees; a slice of moon was out for an hour or so.

Tretter, accommodating instinctively but as spunk as ever with his left behind pagetony frontality, walked in on a rich, even a melancholy song. "The mood was kind of heavy," as he later recalled, "I don't think Teddy was really—I don't know, being together like that." I remember listening to the girls, the long string of reminiscences I myself wasn't really privy to, sometimes, stories that came out of the belly whisper. What I'm getting at is I worked for the Senator for long time, and I think I know him pretty well, well enough to realize that he was—he was not bothered. He was not having a helluva good time." They ate steak, shellfish, in shells. "There was getting to be long lapses in the evening, people were relaxing as Ted Kennedy was working hard at being a good host," Tretter noted. "If there was a girl not staying much he would try and drive her out. It was just that the conversation, what was said—Bobby. He was a presence."

By shortly after eleven Crummins, tired a fast and starting to worry about what kind of a night's sleep he was supposed to get there, was already suggesting with perhaps a little bit of pique in his tone that everybody who was going to go back had better think about going back. Joe Gorman reassured the girls that it wasn't that late yet, he had discussed the matter personally with the ferryhead operator and there was a strong possibility of the boat remaining in service until one a.m., although that would entail an extra charge. Crummins, not mollified, suggested that somebody drive over and give the Shoretown twenty bucks to make sure that he would stick around. At that point, deepening inside, Kennedy attempted to move the revenue away from the Shokahn onto



South has the capacity to move into some headlines and make a gift of a hundred and

place that night were later to testify that Kennedy told them he had simply missed the turn with the car and yanked at twenty miles an hour off the gravel and off the bridge. Kennedy himself, respectfully aroused several times by District Attorney Edmund Davis and more openly by a dubious Judge Doyle on the quaiestest exactly, kept picking it up each time whenever it looked most harmless. "As when about, Mayor Kennedy," District Attorney Davis would later ask him, "did you realize that you were driving on a dirt road?" Kennedy "Just some time when I was—I don't remember any specific time." "Davis: And you realize you were not heading for the ferry?" Kennedy: "At the moment I wasn't off the bridge. I certainly did." Even Kennedy's morning-after police report, while calculating that the Senator was headed ultimately toward the ferry landing, was uncharitable with the road and turned left where he might normally have been expected to turn right, suggesting that he had left the well-maintained road unintentionally. It was a point that was later to annoy and bother the people in Bobby's brass trust who wanted the truth, plain and simple, so they could make up their own minds about what the whole affair meant. "The unsatisfactory thing was the continued suggestion that he was heading for the ferry landing," one of them complained privately. "I gather he was heading for the beach." Then, hopefully, "That doesn't seem to me the most sinister thing in the world."

A matter of weeks after the incident itself, submitting to a private interview on the distant—yes, far-removed, extremely remote—handwritten page his knuckles writhed—Kennedy again ducked a query as to this matter exactly, insisting only that there was a "reasonable explanation" why the two took that wrong turn at eleven thirty or so. Certainly, as a lifelong intimate of Kennedy's, Joe Gargan knew, immediately, without anything direct ever having to be said, what sort of "reasonable explanation" Kennedy might have concocted if he could have summoned the spiritual energy and believed anybody would understand. Even so, there, at Joe's remote little comfort, the whole had started to divide in two. Bobby, even then, there had been "too many blue pills," as he tended to murmur, too many secret-service men, friends, self-consciously security-minded friends, aides, shaking memories of Bobby. That summer the pointing for awhile was pointing over his prodigiously at times. The a spell. His knowledge, used, asked in very often by a display of his exuberant laproscopic humor, that momentary weak euphemism; the road turned; one crumpled him over the wheel right, head Mary Jo, who knew him slightly, would naturally have known. They well enough to know Kennedy's mood. Two busy minutes later the daughter of the close-mouthed Mrs. Malm, reading herself to sleep underneath an open window, looked up and heard a car, "going fairly fast," headed in the direction of the nearby Diaz.

"I know Mary Jo," Kennedy later said, slowly. "She was very bright, lively, personable, loyal, intelligent, highly intelligent. I'd gone to the party the Macbeths gave for the girls in January, and I think

I think that was the only other time other than during the campaign I'd talked really with Mary Jo." He had seen her innumerable times of course, taking decisions from Ethel, juk hanging around Gifford's desk in his own office, working with Wendell Fargus at Bobby's, yet she had—as a nervous later commented, not unkindly meant—"the face nobody remembered." The First Communion-style picture of Mary Jo that must over the years in time of the Sunday edition was a kind of remote shadow to everybody, with the manner

arrested in and even a soft, sweetish gleam to the nose. It truth she had been, at her own right, just a good, proper and laugher, understanding in a quiet way, certainly not at all a girl of the sort Ted Kennedy, with his reported availability to pushover weak-side on the telephone with his Mister Moo-sh routine, was likely to think he had much hope of drawing behind a face and not in time for the most that ferry.

"Senator Kennedy," Gargan later related freely, "was very emotional, very upset, very disturbed, and he was using the expression which I have heard before, but he was using it particularly that night. 'Can you believe it, Joe, can you believe it, I don't believe it, I don't believe that could happen, I just don't believe it.'"

"Calling for the moment, Kennedy had told Gargan that 'he was going down the road, the dirt road headed toward I don't know what. He suddenly saw the bridge in front of him and that was it.' Gargan and Marshall were later to permit in explaining that they had, indeed, pointed out to Kennedy that somebody must report the accident, and immediately. But nobody moved. The two were seized by the predicament, in essence, that paralyzed not only Joe and Paul at Pascha Pond and at the approach of the ferry slip, but also the head farmers who gathered there about the following week on Hyannis Port, men who had stepped down on suspect civil war and intercontinental missile exchange, certainly everybody saw where the dangers were and grasped, in large, what needed to be done, but nobody was prepared to act without express permission from the principal, Edward Kennedy, and risk his own reputation on the success of the consequences. That put to be too much responsibility.

The decision being: Kennedy again broke down, nearly sobbing, insisting, "This couldn't have happened. I don't know how it happened." His critical minutes passed. "Okay," Kennedy demanded finally, "take me back to the ferry." But back at the ferry slip as a course of action emerged of itself either Gargan again insisted that the accident be reported and recommended to Kennedy that he call there, his administrative assistant, who could alert the family at Hyannis Port, and Burke Marshall, "the best lawyer I know," who could frame advice before reporting the accident to the Edgartown police sitting in the Vahnet, looking out over the lights of the harbor five hundred feet away, the three men then over from a telephone pay station, one of the few in Edgartown, the same phone in which Gargan let Kennedy back to call and finally reach Daniel Berke seven hours later.

But nobody used the telephone then, and Gargan's memory makes evident enough why. Conspicuous late years in open daylight, the three were functioning now in response to tribal loyalties. Kennedy, although upset and confused, remained Kennedy, chief by succession, grateful to power. As Joe Gargan himself broke down the requirements, his comrade's first responsibility was to be ready to prepare them as well as he was able, then to himself, by securing the advice of Burke Marshall, whom they had all obviously, largely by ornate agreement, designated as the operative chairman, the human being in whom, by unanimous consent, Robert Kennedy's soul might be said to reside. Besides on this, who all there had been the central wound in any faithful crisis, had needed Marshall out of all men as having the "best judgment of anybody I know." Then, all primary obligations met, Kennedy must report the accident.

Driving in the ferry slip, Kennedy remembers, "A lot of different thoughts came into my mind at that time about how I was really go. (Continued on page 118)

There are certain immovable rods
And unforgettable voices much
And the corrupt Burke Marshall
And the





pairs of feet bottoms arranged in the missionary position. "Put a tape in your bed," "Why Buy the Cow when the Milk is Free," and other metaphors of sex and lust are scrawled in foot-high letters on the other end. Thousands on the way to church cross the street to avoid them.

A woman's tail has been pinned to a Raquel Welch poster. It has been pinned to her crotch and hangs down the length of the poster which is taped high up on the wall in the back room of the Farmer's Truck & Truck Shop. Someone would have had to use a ladder to put the rascals up that high. Pinned below the poster is a sticker reading, "Taste Love Gun Here."

John Farrar is at his workbench in the back room fixing a red for a graduate and Foster as he talks to me about Chappaquiddick. Farrar has been the only person connected with the incident who has been and publicly accused Teddy Kennedy of manslaughter. Farrar was the expert driver on the Edgartown Beach and Route 1A when Chappaquiddick called in to bring Jim Joseph's body out of the car submerged in Pochia Pond. After bringing up the dead girl's body by hand and looking into her face that morning, Farrar became obsessed with the idea that the girl had been trapped alive for hours inside the car and that Kennedy hadn't waited no head to call for help he, Farrar, could have brought her to the surface alive.

Farrar is a tall rangy man who looks like a cowboy even before he puts on the black cowboy hat he wears to cover his thinning hair.

Farrar is still angry about Chappaquiddick. He drinks black coffee while he talks, fixes the reel, takes short quick naps around the workbench, and makes gestures with a caffeinated tongue.

"There's a lot of rebels coming here these days. The very America, if you know what I mean. Kennedy, although maybe he didn't choose to, has destroyed this island. They're thrill seekers. Dirty worshippers. Bachelors seeking lust. It's the unfortunate young side of America."

He is also angry at people in general.

"People don't like facts. People don't like facts like this. People don't want to think . . . they know to have a conscience to work up. If he resorted as much as a vote for President it's a disgusting connard in America."

Farrar believes Kennedy is a liar. "As far as I've concerned, nothing the suits has said has fit. It's a pack of lies, smelly facts. Lots of time and talk, shall we say . . . There was a lack of interest in her life, a complete abandonment of her that caused her death." I asked Farrar how could he be so certain the girl lived before the coroner.

"She didn't drown. That's the point. She died of asphyxiation in her own car. Gunc Frish, the undertaker, has said to me and said to others that he feels she did not drown but died of asphyxiation in her own car. He's seen twenty-five embalmings on drowned victims and in every case they've been filled with water, every body cavity filled with gallons of water. Put of water from their ankles to their armpits, as Gene Frish puts it. But Gene found about half a cup in his half a cup, that's all. She suffocated to death. But I took her head three or four hours to die. I would have had her out of that car twenty-five minutes after I got the call. But he didn't call."

"How do I know she was alive that long? Because of the fact that the trunk was still filled with air and still dry, because of the fact that the trunk was the only source of air release, and because John Aborn, whose

wreck lifted the car up, saw air bubbles coming from inside the car. Oh, hello, Judith."

A young woman with wavy blonde hair and classic W.A.S.P. features, wearing a fading windbreaker, has stopped by to say hello to Farrar.

"Judy, I've just been telling this car how morbid publicity seekers have been ruining Chappaquiddick. You can tell how Judy loves our in Chappaquiddick."

"Well, all I can say is that there's traffic on the roads all the time now where there never was before. And sometimes the wind at the ferry stop is just unbearable. I've had to wait forty-five minutes several times. And the wait's gone as high as an hour and a half. Some of us over in Chappa are trying to find out if we can change it so that the yachtsmen will have preference, especially in the case of cars; after all, the roads are for us, aren't they?"

"I think they've considered public roads, Judy," Farrar says gently.

"Well, something should be done. It's just awful. Have you seen the Dyke Bridge poster?" she asks me. "You haven't? Well, maybe they've told out again. You get 'em on the driveway."

"Yes, they come in two sizes, large and larger," Farrar adds. "Isn't that weird?"

"Well," Judy continues. "I've heard some talk on Chappa that if he tries to run for President, everyone on Chappa is going to buy thousands of Dyke Bridge posters and send them out all over the country with one word on them—Remember."

It is sunset on the Sunday before Labor Day and all but one of the town's cars have left the sandy parking area in front of Dyke Bridge. A beautiful golden retriever is taking flying leaps into the tide, racing toward the pillars of the humpbacked wooden bridge. His master, a Chappaquiddick squar, has been hurling a stick into the water over and over for him to retrieve.

"Heater, enough. The dumb animal doesn't know what to get. It's getting dark," his owner-broke with said softly to him from across the road in front of Dyke House where she has been removing her hair bands. They have been sun-bleached on Dyke Beach since the bridge and over the dunes, and bluish are popping wetly in a big yellow pool next to her.

The lady has settled a soft Irish-cowboy scarf around her neck against the end-of-summer evening chill. Master and soulmate-dog are going to lead the poles and two leather-cowled Thomsons into their Larch-Kennedy.

"I've expressed Regine would have the poor taste to want a dog called Chappaquiddick," she again told me after we had talked for a while. "People want to be left alone. The whole thing is in poor taste. The people who come here! Before me, people on Chappa are more sorry he went off the bridge than he is. Have you seen what they do to the bridge?"

Well they do that bridge is curving long Irish-cowboy drivers off it and curve waterside up it. Today three pig gaskets have been left in the grey sub-leached wood. Most of the drivers have been sliced off the black head and where the wheels of Kennedy's black (dark) had left the best. The carved inscription read: "Teddy Kennedy Memorial Footbridge." "E M K & M J K."

In the matter of the bridge someone has recently mended a two-foot-square plywood board over the largest intersection, a big red-paint heart. The outline of the heart sticks out from the plywood masking. But whenever they clipped the plywood, they made it impossible to see what is painted in. (Continued on page 144)

The Ghost of Charisma Past



John F. Kennedy, Jr.

"He's often compared to his political dad, John F. Kennedy, although he's not a politician. He's a man with a right feeling for the air." —West, The Los Angeles Times



John F. Kennedy, Jr.

"The demand for more about Kennedy's life is so high, handsome, athletic." —Tate

John F. Kennedy, Jr.

"Out of Massachusetts has come a new JFK . . . with 'dynasty' and political aspirations." —The Ledger, Broken Arrow, Okla.



John F. Kennedy, Jr. "The youth around the country still see John [Kennedy] as John Kennedy. . . ." —New York



John F. Kennedy, Jr. "He's often compared to his political dad, John F. Kennedy, although he's not a politician. He's a man with a right feeling for the air." —West, The Los Angeles Times



John F. Kennedy, Jr.

"He's often compared to his political dad, John F. Kennedy, although he's not a politician. He's a man with a right feeling for the air." —West, The Los Angeles Times

John Kennedy was the last American President to create a successful, enduring political image. Edward Kennedy, the most obvious heir to the J.F.K. style, says of politicians who have been compared to his brother, "I suspect this is one of the political disciplines of our time. To deny it, I like to believe it's complimentary and hope it will continue to be so. I like to think in terms of what President Kennedy did. [He] had a profound influence on me. Obviously, from a personal point of view, when I hear someone being compared to my father, I have a natural, deep-seated reaction to it. But I don't feel there's any real qualification or classification here." William Manchester, who in his book *The Death of a President* helped to make a mythic figure

out of John Kennedy, said in an interview "President Kennedy was original. He can not be duplicated. Comparing other men to him does not flatter them, it merely identifies a lack of individuality in them. Actually, some of the public figures who have been blamed to John Kennedy have style and grace of their own. We must pay that due of them can parody his charm and other qualities all the way to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, for after eight years of drifting without Presidential integrity in the White House we are surely entitled to a breath of stiffness. But first we must accept the tragic fact that our 35th President is Dead. Dead. Dead. Dead. Only then can we contemplate the future with equanimity and perspective."

Life Studies



Harvey Karp of '66. "During the senior semester of my freshman year I made a mistake... I arranged for a fellow freshman friend of mine to hold the ceremony for me. What I did was wrong. I have regretted it ever since. The saddest part I missed my family and friends, even though eleven years ago, has been a bitter experience for me."

—Kennedy Campaign, Harvey E. Karp

The inauguration of John F. Kennedy, January 20, 1961. "The question of a dynasty applies to a self-perpetuating order... I don't think people would expect me to sit on my hands for the rest of my life because my brother is President. ... I won't be caught up that way."

—Tokky, Tim Stoen

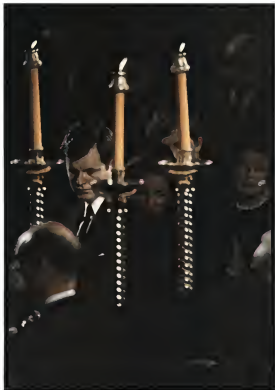




The funeral of John F. Kennedy, November 25, 1963. "Suddenly I'd said, 'Well, this mightn't be wrong at all.' He began receding. 'To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. A time to be born, and a time to die....'"
—The Death of a President, William Manchester

Election Day, November 3, 1964. "I'm going to run scared, even if I have to do it on the flat of my back."
—Gore Bonaparte





The Funeral of Robert F. Kennedy, June 8, 1968: "My brother need not be understood, or interpreted in death beyond what he was in life. He should be remembered simply as a good and decent man who was wrong and tried to right it, was suffering and tried to heal it, was poor and tried to stop it...."

—*The New York Times*



Chappanathil Speech, July 26, 1968: "All kinds of assembled thoughts ... went through my mind ... whether the god might still be alive somewhere out of that immediate area, whether some awful error did actually hang over all the Kennedy's, whether there was some justifiable reason for me to doubt what had happened and to delay my report whether actually the awful weight of this incredible incident might in some way press from my shoulders. I was conscious ... of a jumble of emotions—grief, fear, doubt, exhaustion, pain, confusion and shock."

—*The Temple of Chappanathil, Jeddah*

By His Deeds...

by Warren Weaver Jr.

An analysis of the political record of the senior Senator from Massachusetts

On Saturday early in December of 1966, Edward Brooke Kennedy resigned the United States Senate. In the five months since Chappaquiddick, he had slowly been going through the motions of Senate business—floor-managing an unsuccessful bill, winning re-election of some Indian education funds, maneuvering backlogs without success on the draft. But now, shaking off long weeks of shock and dire disorientation, he was ready to assume real participation in Congress.

On the floor was the tax-reform bill, the most important domestic measure since President Nixon had taken office. And Kennedy arrived with a package of amendments of strong potential appeal to Democrats and liberal Republicans. Winning approval of four amendments, taking on the whole Senate and converting it at public session, at one of the real tests of an effective Senator, and Kennedy was ready to demonstrate that once more he was up to it.

If Kennedy's performance on the floor was a little lacking from lack of practice, it seemed adequate to his core. Thinner and perceptibly grimmer than the previous spring, he argued capably for stringent sanctions on those millionaires who escape taxes altogether and for a modest credit for political contributors. Little did rise to the galleries that the young man from Massachusetts was not proceeding with his usual well-founded sense of political awareness.

But when the parliamentary smoke had cleared, there were the results:

- The Kennedy amendment to increase capital-gains taxes and make them "pay" or "cost" the taxpayer since over more of their untapped income was deferred 1964-66.

- The Kennedy amendment to apply the minimum tax to the appreciated value of property unloaded on derivatives or foundations was defeated 60-to-36.

- The Kennedy amendment to allow a \$50 tax credit for a political donation of \$50 or more—put off to another day—was killed after hours of wrangling, 89-to-45, never even reaching a vote on the merits.

- Kennedy himself, relying on floor leaders for the almost Mike Mansfield, tried manfully to hold the Senate on an odd evening session for more tax votes, but he failed because he could not muster enough support from his colleagues.

It was unfortunate. In the past Kennedy and Kennedy amendments had not always prevailed, but they had never failed to attract wide backing, some warm and more passively reluctant, from the many Democratic Senators of every philosophical bent who had reason to believe that Edward Kennedy would be the next President of the United States. Or at least the next hot act.

But in December of 1969 there was not a good deal of reason to believe that anymore. The chill wind of Chappaquiddick had blown the Kennedy mythos right

out of the chamber. The Senators all peered the polls, and Teddy's "highly favorable" voter rating had fallen from forty-seven percent the previous spring to twenty-eight. The reformer Kennedy's unpopularity among Senate colleagues had diminished, and the Last of the Line was on his own. "That," an aide admits, "was our low point."

Kennedy, defensively: "I really didn't feel that way. I had never felt my effectiveness greatly enhanced when I was Assistant Majority Leader. I feel that ability in the Senate, with its media opened, is not really affected in a significant way by your posture as a political figure. I don't see Senator Muskie or the others carrying through their amendments now."

Now means forward two years, for a very different level of Kennedy effectiveness, with a different even more powerful political constituency. In a meeting with families of prisoners of war last fall, the Senator said of President Nixon, "While he's over there in Polaris, your husbands and sons are waiting" in confinement. If he were in charge of the Paris negotiations, Kennedy declared, he would have "swarmed into the room" to win freedom for the prisoners.

That afternoon The Washington Star carried a front-page four-column head, "Nixon Not as P.O.W.," and you could almost see a hint of steam rise out of the White House. A few hours later, President Nixon, who rarely seems to bear Congressional comment at all, dropped his evening schedule for an unannounced personal visit to the same conference of P.O.W. families. He assured them he was asking "every significant channel, including some that have not been discussed," and swore that the problem had high "Presidential priority."

The White House later denied with some reluctance that the impressive Nixon appearance had been prompted by the earlier Kennedy one, but up in the Senator's Capitol Hill office they know better. For the staff there has been compiling for three years an informal dossier of the slanders and rumor with which the Nixon Administration, often in the person of its leader, reacts to the words and deeds of Edward Kennedy.

Then, when a Kennedy-led Senate subcommittee announced it would hold hearings on problems of the American Indians—one of the family's longtime political interests—President Nixon issued a statement on Indian three days later, and Interior Secretary Rogers Morton held a news conference on Indians the next week.

Then? The day before Kennedy left for a refugee inspection trip to Laos and Pakistan, Secretary of State William Rogers raised the problem in the United Nations. The day before Kennedy's Senate Subcommittee on Indians and Eskimos was scheduled to open hearings, the President announced action on the issue.

Then? After Kennedy proposed law-of-Federal-liability insurance for all politicians, the Administration pro-



Pierre Salinger

"I think he'd make an excellent President. He has the experience, a terrific grasp of the issues, the ability to bring to Washington people who could change the direction of America. At the same time, I hope he doesn't run."



Kenneth G. Brown

"Ted Kennedy works hard at his job in the Senate, but any candidate that makes the Presidency must be tested in the primaries. Ted has to be tested in the few, take on his opponents. Who knows?"



Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

"I think he'd make an excellent President and I hope he doesn't run."



Robert F. Kennedy

"No comment."



Melvin Belli

"I don't have time to comment."



Theodore C. Sorensen

"Ted Kennedy is one of the few political leaders who has demonstrated both education and vision. I see the possibility of his being a significant force. But he is still a very young man."



Laurence F. O'Brien

"I have no doubt that he would be an outstanding President on the level of his brother. While I will not say he is not, that he will not be a good candidate in '76, he will have a good chance on the occasion and election."



John A. Garvey

"He is the best Senator we've had from Massachusetts in our lifetime. It seems now to be agreed that good Senators make good Presidents. So why not?"



Dan Rusk

"As Secretary of State I never took part in partisan political matters, and I would prefer not to get into that."

Teddy and the Men around Jack

Even though after ten years in the Senate, Teddy Kennedy now has his own record and his own personality to run on, it's impossible to forget that he got his start in politics by being his brother's brother. The nine men on this page, all

selected by President John F. Kennedy for positions high in the councils of the original New Frontier, are perhaps better placed than anyone to judge whether the old Kennedy is yet ready to succeed to his brother's heritage.

Teddy and the Men around Teddy

Ted Kennedy reportedly relies less on big names than his brothers did. The reason given is simple: When the youngest Kennedy was getting started in politics, all of the big names were over his head. John F. (Moby) knew that he is the sole surviving brother, the pattern has not changed. As the preceding page indicates, his brothers'



David Burke, the first person Kennedy telephoned after the Chappaquiddick drowning, is one of his closest advisers. Formerly Kennedy's administrative assistant, Burke is now vice-president of The Dreyfus Corp. (not edit: Kennedy with the Senate majority).

advisers are not exactly nothing here as the candidate for '72, and he seems quite able to work without them.

The big four among Kennedy's advisers are said to be David Burke, Burke Marshall, Stephen Smith, and James Flay. Burke (pictured below) is Kennedy's former administrative assistant. Marshall (pictured earlier in this issue),



Lester Hymans, now a Washington attorney, was formerly the Democratic State Chairman in Massachusetts when he advised the Senator on Massachusetts affairs. In 1968 Hymans was Kennedy's representative on Nixon's Vice-Presidential campaign.



Senator Philip Hart, a Democrat from Michigan, also on the Judiciary Committee with Kennedy. The two have worked together on such issues as civil rights and gun control. Hart has been described as the Senator to whom Kennedy is closest.



Photographed by Morris Kantor

now the Deputy Dean of the Yale Law School, served as Kennedy's lawyer during the Chappaquiddick episode; through New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller, he was recently appointed to a cabinet's commission investigating the Adco price-shoot-out. Stephen Smith (also pictured earlier), Kennedy's brother-in-law, specializes in financial and organizational matters. James Flay (not pictured) is said to be the Kennedy staff's chief trouble-shooter. Flay is chief counsel for the Judiciary Committee's Subcommittee on Administrative Practice and Procedure. Kennedy, aided by Flay, uses the Judiciary Committee as his wild-card committee to investigate almost anything he chooses to find an interest in—recently that would be the draft. Flay himself is credited with being one of the behind-the-scenes leaders in ousting G. Harrold Carswell as a seat on the Supreme Court.



Jerome Wiesner, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, author of the book *Where Science and Politics Meet*, worked with Kennedy on the A-B-H. report. Last fall, Wiesner attended Wiesner's presidential inauguration at M.I.T.

Since even a Kennedy staff's expertise is bound to stretch thin in some areas, staff members line up experts to consult with the Senator on special bills—men like Jerome Wiesner and Paul Samuelson (pictured below) and Archibald Cox (opposite page). Men like Lester Hymans, John Nolen, and Barlett Prutzman have done advance work for Kennedy or acted as his personal representatives. Senator Philip Hart (opposite) has also worked closely with Kennedy. Were the picture gallery on this page larger, it might have included men like Representative John Culver, Kennedy's close friend at Harvard, who served on the Senate's staff briefly, and Robert Fitzpatrick, a Boston contact, who is Kennedy's cousin and a vocal and political friend. Should it ever become necessary for Kennedy to choose a cabinet, he might select from each of these categories: staff, family, advisers, experts. John did



John Nolen, a Washington attorney, helped advance Kennedy's trip to Vietnam just before the Tet Offensive in December, 1967; then at Christmastime in 1970 he visited Paris for Kennedy to discuss American prisoners held in North Vietnam.



Paul Samuelson, author of the standard textbook on economics, winner of the 1970 Nobel Prize for his contributions to economics, and professor of economics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has advised Kennedy on fiscal matters.



Barlett Prutzman, a practicing Washington attorney and former counsel assistant to the Justice Department and the White House, worked with Nolen in helping to advance Senator Kennedy's trip to Vietnam on the eve of the Tet Offensive.

posed a \$10,000 death benefit for the family of any policeman shot on duty.

Tom: When Kennedy teamed with Secretary John Volpe over profiting some Department of Transportation records, Nixon angrily issued an executive order blocking the contract in which his cabinet could share "executive privilege" in withholding information from Congress.

"You know how the State Department has an 'executive desk' and a 'Liaison desk'?" says Kennedy staff man as he smiles. "Well, somewhere down there in the White House there's a Kennedy desk, keeping track of everything we do. At first we thought we were imagining it, but there's no doubt anymore. But their responses are nearly all cosmetic, a sort of counter-political-relations policy."

Administration sensitivity to Kennedy actively even appears to extend to discouraging the implementation of programs that the Senator initiated in Congress, after they have been enacted into law. "Then Administration is simply personnel about anything that Ted Kennedy has sponsored," one adviser declares.

It was a Kennedy endorsement, for instance, that transformed a new National Institute of Law Enforcement and Criminal Justice as part of the Law Enforcement Assistance Act. The institute is technically an academic, but Kennedy believes it has been deliberately held down in terms of Enforcement because of its Congressional percentage. Again, he successfully sponsored a program under which college students can serve as summer interns in law-enforcement agencies. It passed over a year ago, but actually few internships were open last summer. "They just don't want people called 'Kennedy interns' out there mingling with the crime fighters," an aide says.

This sort of response from the White House was more or less taken for granted before Chappaquiddick—"when we were still a candidate" is the common staff explanation. Then White House assistants anticipated that, like 1972 opponent might be Kennedy, and the President was anxious to counter him, more for more, along the road to the campaign proper. But, as the Senator resumed activity after the accident, the Administration resumed its relative counterbalancing maneuver in faster and harder as the election year approached. One Kennedy political man said, "Maybe they know something we don't."

Kennedy, pleased. "The White House touches every issue, but this does not mean we have no voice. We move in the health committee, and certainly the Administration has a program. I came back from Pakistan, and the Administration created a special refugee committee; it was a hurry-up thing some of the people on it tell me they were not at midnight."

"I'm delighted to get response and attention in the areas in which I have special interest or special responsibility. But I've worked rather closely with the Administration on cancer and health manpower legislation, so I don't look at it as strictly an adversary situation. We all try to touch the points of political vulnerability."

There isn't much question that the Edward Kennedy of the past thirty months has been effective in protecting the White House. But there is considerable debate over how effective he has been in moving the Congress since the dark days of the Summer of '69. A fair number of the Senate's permanent observer corps—the members, their key aides and the press—believe that Kennedy has gone downhill as an legislator, that personal tragedy and its political after-

math have stifled his effectiveness as the only real working Senator and club member the family produced.

But careful examination of the record indicates that this is a surface judgment, that Kennedy is as active and effective today as any Senator with comparable seniority, far more effective than many of his elders with greater normal influence. And, most significant, for the past two and a half years his Senate successes have not been seriously belittled by his Presidential prospects as they were before Chappaquiddick. To a much larger degree, they have been his own.

Keeping in mind that your average Senator does well to make a real score in his main specialty every two or three years, consider these areas of top Kennedy concentration.

Draft: An early supporter of a literary system, Kennedy succeeded in putting pressure on the White House, and to a lesser degree the Congressional Armed Services Committee, by holding his own draft hearings in the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee on Administrative Process and Procedure, a non-urgent flying squad that was swept aside almost any problem under the guise of seeing how the Federal government is handling—or not handling—it.

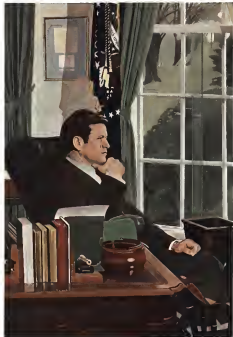
Shortly after the hearings, President Nixon put into effect administratively almost every reform Kennedy had been pushing, as the Senator had been working for confirmation. In the 1971 draft debate, Kennedy found few allies for his thesis that the draft was usually preferable to a volunteer army, but he was adoption of a number of important amendments, notably limiting the use of draft calls and protecting the rights of draftees.

Refugees: Kennedy has used his chairmanship of the Senate Judiciary subcommittee not so much to produce corrective legislation as to focus attention on the widely overlooked problem, first in the Middle East, then in Vietnam and most recently in Pakistan, moving into an area where both public and private agencies desperately needed recognition and support.

As a political matter, his refugee activity has given Kennedy an almost unique opportunity to be soldier in the most human, least revolutionary sense. He can and does spotlight the incredibly tragic consequences of war in a way that touches the great conservative mass of Americans without arousing the fears that are generated by demonstrators and politicians who attack the issue more directly. This does not make him less anti-war, only more acceptably anti-war.

Kennedy, with modest satisfaction: "In Vietnam, we were able to influence the handling of the military operations on the civilian population. And we were able to make some progress in stepping up financial contributions to some of the organizations helping refugees."

Health: Kennedy has spoken out for a program of National Health Insurance earlier and more insistently than any other member of Congress, and he thinks he's going to get one. Hearings by the Senate Health Subcommittee aroused attention—and, predictably, a Nixon Administration rebuttal—by the actual legislation, involving almost \$46,000,000,000 a year in taxes to finance the insurance, will come from Congress's fiscal committee. House Ways and Means has held hearings, and the fact that its chairman, Representative Wilbur Mills, harbors Presidential ambitions himself will prob- (Continued on page 187)



Thinking the unthinkable: the thirty-eightth President of the United States



Why Are We in Overalls?

As over America, hippie "farmers" wearing overalls. In fact, straw-wearers in overalls (at upper East Side weekend, students in overalls attending Jacobson). Diverse classes, unlike swimmers in \$200 seaweed overalls: it's the Seventies version of the basic: blue work shirt—the wing (sweat) folk/cow) rights/ban-the-bomb, purity-is-funk uniform. Only now, things are a little more (and a little less) complicated. The stewardess (likely imitating the swagor, who is imitating the student, who is imitating the hippie)

farmer, who is imitating the real farmer: in the old days, there was only one step, you wore your blue work shirt, smoked your unfiltered Camels, chatted with the plumber or the moving-van man, and felt you were in touch. Today, that kind of direct isn't practical. Take the young people in the photo above. They know they're not real farmers. Ross Scott (second from left) earns his living as an independent computer consultant, but has chosen to retire from the city to a two-hundred-acre farm near Independence, New



York. He and his wife and two children can't even use all the apples in their big, ramshackle farmhouse, so they only inhabit a third of it. One reason they bought the farmhouse was that one room was papered with pre-Civil War newspapers, which they like to read. The sheep and goats aren't for food, but for looking at and listening to. Similarly, John Turner, twenty-seven (in white overalls), and his friends, Larry Sali, twenty-seven, and Hope Zaccaro, twenty-five, live on a neighboring farm, and earn

their money as (respectively) a printer, a potter, a silver-smith, his pretense, and it doesn't even matter that their overalls don't come from Iron Horse, but from Lexington Avenue. And how do the real farmers take all of this? The Rossman brothers, Glenn and Ralph (above, with their wives Mary and Joanne), who work a five-hundred-acre farm in Almond, New York, are amused. "Hell, our farm's modern," says Glenn. "We wouldn't live in one of those beat-up old places, and we never wear overalls."

The Birds of Berlin

by Otto Friedrich

Being Berliners, they survive

"Therefore let us found a city here
And call it 'Mickapooey.'
What name 'city of birds' . . .
It should be like a net!
Stretch'd out for birds' birds
Everywhere there is tall and trouble
But here we'll have fun . . .
Gits and shloshing
Girls and bags . . .
And the big fashions don't come or far or here."
—Barack Obama

Would you like me to show you? The old man calls Professor Edwin Reubens is more than 90; he is ancient, a survivor of almost a century of violence. He was slowly in his mid-thirties when Germany's broken armies came straggling home from the First World War, and now he is eighty-seven, tall and searing and white-haired. He can hardly see through the thick lenses that fix his eyes, but he looks across his dark cluttered studio, past the window that opens onto the white-blossoming apple trees in the garden, and then he looks over a wooden cabinet that contains his treasures.

As an art expert, he joined the Interior Ministry fifty years ago to help the nascent Weimar government create a new image for the new Germany, and he began by commissioning a young Expressionist painter named Karl Schmidt-Rottluff to redesign the most fundamental image, the German eagle. Now he leans over a shelf low down, grunts and fumbles through a stack of pictures, and finally pulls forth the one he wants: the Weimar eagle. He holds it high, gazing at it with a frown. The eagle hurls all the pride and dignity of its imperial ancestors, black wings spread wide, back hair-grily eyes, but it has other qualities as well. It seems less grim than the traditional eagle, indeed, it seems almost cheerful, a friendly eagle. "A marvelous eagle," says Dr. Reubens. "But the number of medals that this picture produced—yes, wouldn't you say?"

It is a mistake, perhaps, to attach too much importance to symbols. In the Berlin Zoo, there is a real eagle—two of them, in fact—and we can stand outside the cage and regard the imprisoned beast that we consider the German symbol, and cry awe. At the base of an artificial tree there lies a pool of milky, dirty water, and one of the eagles slowly lowers its claw feet into the pool and begins picking at the bloody carcass of a rabbit that has been left there to satisfy its appetite for carrion.

In the tranquility of the zoo, there are signs for every variety of great bird—large hawks wheeling heavily within the bounds of their confinement, falcons folding and unfolding themselves, and even some powerful members, which stand in their alcove and

stare back at their victim. Wandering loose in the zoo, among the elephants and the rhinoceros, there are dozens of mallards, always two by two, the green-headed male trailed by his speckled brown-and-white mate. Nor do they remain in the zoo. They float among the ponds in the center outside the Charlottenburg Palace. They roam among the chestnut trees in the Tiergarten. They glide at weeks in the Havel River. "You don't have ducks like that in American cities?" a Berliner asks in surprise. "Here they are everywhere."

Berlin, more than almost any other great city, is a city of birds. One hears not only swallows chirping in the midst of the traffic on the Kurfürstendamm but wood thrushes singing in the Glienicke Park. One once spots one never expects to find in cities—magpies and nightingales and a black-feathered, yellow-headed drying crane known as a "winter chicken." Even at the Hiltop Hotel, the traveling businessman wakes to the sound of magpies screaming in the night.

One reason for this variety of birds is that Berlin has always been what Jane Greaves called "a city of gardens—[but] a garden itself." Though it is still the largest metropolis between Paris and Moscow, it also has 555 farms, and almost two hundred vineyards, and more than half of its land is devoted to parks, forests, and gardens. The air is clear and cool, a little sharp. There are wild bees coming in the woods of Berlin, and herds of deer, and there are flocks of sheep grazing on the outer margins of Tempelhof airport.

Another reason for the birds of Berlin is that the Berliners care for them, feed them and watch over them. In the southern district of Lichtenfels, in the shadow of a granite white research hospital that has been heavily financed by an American foundation, a pale-skinned old professor welcomes a visitor by leading him out into his backyard so that one can watch him take a shrewdful of snail-like snails from a metal box and spray it on the lawn. One of the green-headed mallards rushes forward to snap up the seeds, and the old man points to a hawk that when a downy mallard does not move to eat the seeds. "Turkish doan," he says. "They come from the Himalayas, and they always sleep here for their food."

The birds represent, generation after generation, a kind of permanence in a city that has never known the century-old tradition of a Paris or a London. Here in the thirteenth century in the mud and swamps at the junction of the Spree and Havel rivers, Berlin remained a major crossroads during the great reigns of Venice and Amsterdam, and even, for that matter, Hamburg. As late as 1856, Henry Adams described it as "a small, long-without, dark, low, and very dirty, unexcited and in most respects disgusting." Only in the latter part of the nineteenth century, with industrialization and the coming of the railways, and then the political

Illustrated by Mike Samuels

The Importance of Knowing Ernest

by Denis Brian

In which the Hemingway hunters gather for a last great asfod



Mr. Hemingway, meet Mr. Brian...



...Mr. Brian, Mr. Hemingway...



...Mr. Hemingway, Mr. Cowley...



...Mr. Cowley, Mr. Capote...

In Ernest Hemingway's story *My Old Man*, a son overhauls two men sitting about his dead father. "Well, Dad got his, all right!" "...I don't give a good goddam if he did..." He had it coming to him on the stuff he's pulled. Another man comforts the son. "Don't you listen to what these boys said, Joe. Your old man was one swell guy." When Lilian Ross wrote her Profile of Hemingway in *The New Yorker*, a lot of people thought that "Papa," as they called him, overcame his old man, but "poison him." Opinions were divided as to whether he "had it coming" or was a misunderstood "swell guy."

Twenty years after Lilian Ross's Profile appeared in the May 15, 1960, *New Yorker*, Dean Rusk visited the magazine Hemingway about time to put their names of Miss Ross's view of Hemingway. What he found was that she had known a different Hemingway, and such and such and that he was the real one. The same problem obtained among the Hemingway hunters as among the hunters on their hero's stories: each one claimed to have brought back the best deal.

Rusk interviewed Miss Ross, Malcolm Cowley, the distinguished literary critic who once introduced Hemingway for *Literary Digest*, George Plimpton, who inter-

viewed him for *The Paris Review*, A. R. Hichcock, author of *Papa Hemingway*, Carlos Baker, author of *Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story*, William Seward, one of the few academics to ever befriended the writer; John Hemingway, Ernest's eldest son, and Mary Hemingway, his last wife. The interviews taken together provide a Hemingway vision of the writer, which is in itself another portrait of Hemingway.

Rusk, author of the forthcoming book *Misadventure and Other Privately People*, from which this article was excerpted, was interested not only in Hemingway but also in the interview. He began by asking each person what he or she felt about Miss Ross's Profile. In that Profile, Hemingway is quoted as saying: "I started out very angry and I beat Mr. Tarnowski. I turned head and I beat Mr. de Mopassant. I've fought two down with Mr. Stendhal, and I think I had it going in the last one. But nobody's going to put me in any club with Mr. Tolstoy unless I'm crazy or I keep getting better."

When it comes to interviewing, who was the champ? Was it Miss Ross, "the girl with the light-in-the-palace" as one *New Yorker* writer described her, or one of the others? —*Ernest's Son*

Ross: That's not true, because he retained the proofs with corrections and I still have those proofs.

Brian: Hichcock continues in his book, quoting Hemingway: "The whole damn thing was awful. Somebody slipped it into *The New Yorker* distribution machine!"

Ross: I really don't believe Hemingway said anything of that kind. It doesn't ring true. First of all, I have letters from Hemingway after the piece appeared, and he actually wrote his opinions about the piece. I have those letters. I have those quotes. [By the terms of his will Hemingway forbids publication of his letters.]

Brian: Hichcock quotes Hemingway as saying, in reference to your Hemingway Profile: "Can you imagine the thrill, after having spent the whole night with the Kruks [Marlene Dietrich] and me, hearing all the things we discussed, all Lilian could write about was that the Kruks sometimes cleaned her daughter's apartment with towels from The Plaza?" I suppose you chose to write that because of the intimacy of the letters and Dietrich.

Ross: No, not the intimacy. I just thought it was very nice. I liked it very much and that's my right as a writer to select what interests me and what I think is in good taste. I don't think Hichcock got things right. Also... I remember him. I met him very Sunday. The occasion of the meeting was at the airport. And he was rather angry and resentful because the Hemingways had brought an awful lot of luggage with them. And

they rode in one car, the taxi, and I rode with them. And they asked Hichcock to bring the luggage in the other car. And I said he was rather nervous—perhaps indignantly so.

A. R. (Arvin Edmund) Hichcock wrote a book called *Papa Hemingway* about his friend and traveling companion and hunting companion Ernest Hemingway. Hichcock's widow, Mary, said she suffered a "transcendent shock" when she read the publicist-writer's unmercifully rude to present his publication. In the book Hichcock vividly described Hemingway's sexual color and sexual.

Brian: You were in the Stacey-Netherland hotel when Lilian Ross was actually taking notes for her Hemingway piece. Was it that she didn't entirely reflect the true Hemingway when, as she said herself, she was being as objective as possible and, in fact, just repeating the words that were said and the action that went on?

Hichcock: She had complete sight of the fact that Ernest had been working for a very hard, long, arduous time in Havana on a novel which he had just finished. So he came up here and suddenly he'd been. When he worked he was like a man, he didn't drink and he didn't philosophize, and he just stayed right with it. So when he came up here on his manuscript it was a kind of release and so he had a good time in New York. And as he told her and as he said right off the bat: "I'm so sick of working like myself with these interviews. I'm going to have some fun. The thing I like best is to sound like an Tibetan Indian, of which I'm part." So that was part of a whole performance. She missed all of that.

Brian: You think it might have come across if she had known him when he was working and got the two together?

Hichcock: It would have helped, yes. A good example of how she really didn't do a very good job on reporting that which was interesting, the hell with accurate, interesting, they spent a whole night—they must have been together for about two hours—when there was a fascinating discussion that had to do with astrology. Dietrich was trying to get Ernest to give his vital statistics to an astrologist named Ragner who in Hollywood she ran her life. And this went on for endless hours and she told marvelous stories of how she had tried to save Greta Garbo, the celebrated actress, through messages from this particular astrologer that she shouldn't be in an airplane. And Lilian didn't get any of that, or didn't use any of that. And Ernest and Marlene's comments about how he didn't want to be run by the stars and so forth, and all the rest of the whole thing was a little reference to the

fact that Marlene used towels from The Plaza to clean her daughter's apartment.

Brian: You didn't see that on your book either, did you?

Hichcock: No. I did in the manuscript but the book ran way too long and I had to cut everything out of that nature because it really didn't have to do with Ernest. It had mostly to do with Dietrich.

Brian: That's right.

Hichcock: That in Lilian's case it's a symptom of what was wrong, from my point of view, with the piece. Ross: Lilian Ross said to me that, in your account, that Hemingway hadn't time to correct her proofs because the old Hemingways may have told her that, but it isn't true because he had plenty of time. He did correct them, and that she has letters from Hemingway to that effect.

Hichcock: She always claimed that and he claimed the other, and I never knew who was, you know.

Brian: Of course, that's been generally accepted because so many people objected to the Profile.

Hichcock: Of course. He was upset by the piece itself. Lilian always said that he thought it was marvelous. Well, that's ridiculous. What he really said was: "There's no much here that I don't know what to do with it—so I just said it was okay."

Brian: Did you think that Mary Hemingway's objection to your publishing the book *Papa Hemingway*—that there were things about a man that should be kept from the public—was justified?

Hichcock: The only reason these chapters are in my name before I started to write my book and said: "Listen, Carlos [Baker] is doing a book, as you know, and I want him to write the whole thing at the end of it. And will you tell him everything and get him to talk with the sister?" I said, "Sure, you mean you're come in the point that you're going to have it told, but you're going to have it told differently by somebody who knows nothing about it?" "Yes," she said. That's what really decided me to write the book.

Brian: Did you feel Baker's book had anything of value?

Hichcock: Well, yes, it's a companion. It's like a repository of all the facts, without point of view, interest, or any real insight into the man.

Brian: I talked with the Lilian Ross staff. Carlos Baker didn't contact her, but he was pardoned her New Yorker article.

Hichcock: Well, that's all he did with everything. He just had all these marvelous letters. To publish them is against the will. It was the thing that Mary was upset about, not that she all saw if you could see in the front of Baker's book his on-holder of the copy-



...Mr. Capote, Mr. Baker...



...Mr. Baker, Mr. Plimpton...



...Mr. Plimpton, Mr. Stewart...



...Mr. Baker and John Hemingway...



...John Hemingway, Mary Hemingway...



...Mary, Ernest...

right. So therefore, suddenly, the letters weren't so sacrosanct.

Baker: I mean think the only genuine way to interview Capote—or to share his life for one week?

Stoltzner: The only way. The manuscripts begin to ask him questions—and I think George Plimpton did it as well as anybody—he became stilled and formal and feared. He demanded that George give him a transcript and then very carefully he records it and edited what he had said.

Baker: Plimpton told me that when he asked Hemingway about the white books in *Devotion* the *Star* and into the *Times* that Hemingway almost threw him into the harbor and said angrily: "Could you do any better?"

Stoltzner: I was in Madrid when George approached Hemingway and asked him about the *Star*, but I wasn't present during George's interview with Hemingway.

Baker: You think it's good but stilted?
Stoltzner: It's stilted because it's edited. It's like submitting a lot of questions to somebody and then he very carefully thinks about it and writes it all down. I don't think that gets very close to the man. I don't think it would have made Mr. Baker's book very good. It's an interesting interview in that it stilted very measured and correct responses from Hemingway. But I don't think anybody can do a real job on anybody unless they've just asked them and then carry off—without any kind of editing, censorship, looking over the shoulder, or any kind of interference—their reaction to a person, their manner of conversation, behavior, smile, frown, fudge, whatever it is—that's what works.

Malcolm Capote helped to persuade Ernest Hemingway to be interviewed for *Life* magazine's January 20, 1954, issue—an interview which tended to perpetuate the Hemingway legend. Capote proved a man not very different from the one of which we think that Ernest Hemingway's official biographer, Professor Carlos Baker, was not sympathetic toward his subject.

Baker: Were you startled when you read the piece on Ernest Hemingway by Lillian Ross?

Capote: Yes, I was.

Baker: What was the surprise? How did it fail to show the man you knew?
Capote: If you take a biographical account of what a man was at a certain time, that does not necessarily give you the impression of what the man was. Lillian's piece gave much more of the impression of a playboy and a lack than you ever actually got from Ernest.

Baker: And you don't think he had those qualities?

Capote: I don't think it was a true impression. In other words, something much more was there. There were other interviews with Hemingway, for example Hadstock's where he looks, although a lot of that was false. You know what he did? I could spot it because [Stoltzner] I knew the sources. When he said "Hemingway said," actually he was quoting from Hemingway's letters to him. Because Hemingway's will said, "You must not quote from my letters. They're protected by copyright." So Hadstock just put the letters in place of the conversation.

Baker: Apart from that, did Hadstock's book strike you as a vivid, truthful account of Hemingway?

Capote: Of his last days. I thought it probably was. The early stuff was incorrect.

Baker: Although Hemingway called you the best writer in the U.S. and you spent two weeks in Cuba with him, afterward he's quoted as calling your piece about him as "not unfairly accurate." Did he ever tell you what he considered inaccurate?

Capote: The one inaccurate Hemingway picked up against me, according to Stoltzner, was that I said he carried one flask of vermouth and one of gin. And Ernest said: "Who would waste a whole flask on vermouth?" But the information came from, I think, Buck Lanham or John Gresh, so somebody else made the error and I simply repeated it.

Baker: Hemingway praised your honesty in withholding some material he didn't want used. What was that?

Capote: He didn't like my saying, which was absolutely true, that at Oak Park he was a literary boy, not a sports boy.

Baker: Did he ever tell you why he hated his mother?

Capote: I never asked him the question. What would this be? You can see from the story that she made a warm out of his father. She was one of those arty women who pulled the wool.

Baker: You knew Scott Fitzgerald personally. Did you think Hemingway's portrait of him in *A Movable Feast* was fair?

Capote: It was a caricature to some extent, but the whole thing rests, not on Fitzgerald, but on Zelda. Hemingway did not like Zelda and he blamed Zelda for the ruin of Fitzgerald. And, also, to tell the truth, Hemingway was a man who could not bear people essentially weaker. And except for Maxwell Perkins, who was sort of the field, he very often couldn't forgive anyone [Stoltzner] doing him a favor. That was the bad side of his character, but too much of the bad side got into the Carlos Baker book. [I'll tell you the one thing about the book, much I had also done research on Hemingway's life. At times there were good stories and bad stories about what Hemingway did. And I caught

Carlos Baker using the bad stories and leaving the good stories out, in some ways I knew that book were accurate to him. For example, I moved a letter in my letter book about Hemingway and out of these letters he chose the complimentary [laughs] things and omitted the complimentary things of which the letters were mostly composed.

Baker: Do you think any essential mystery remains about Hemingway?

Capote: Yes, I think there's an essential mystery about him. Even in Baker's book there are stories that certainly aren't told. I don't intend to tell you about them now. If you ask me the questions, . . . No, I won't even give you an example.

Baker: Can you give me a clue without actually stating it?

Capote: The clue is [actually nobody would know this as far as I know] what happened in Italy between, I think it's July 8, 1918, when he was wounded, and the time when Hemingway went home. Baker doesn't have it. You know, you can find Hemingway the greatest man in the world. Who he is the proudest man you ever knew?

Capote: Absolutely.

Baker: Do you think if you continued your interview with those of George Plimpton, Lillian Ross, and Leland Fowler it might give a fair picture of Hemingway?

Capote: Yes, I know, they might. They'd catch him at different periods and with different feelings. But the most vivid things I've had said to me about Hemingway were by a man named, Nathan Asch, who knew him in Paris as 1924-5. And they would have to be in French. **Baker:** Could you say one vivid thing Asch had told you about Hemingway?

Capote: Asch's was the picture of a younger man in Paris when Hemingway was already the leader of the young people. And Asch did admire him. Ernest—remember Asch wrote about Hemingway: "Once in Paris he had a disagreeable argument with another young writer"—that was Nathan Asch—"about their respective talents. Later when they were walking toward the Dôme for coffee, Hemingway fell into a boxer's crouch and began flexing and jabbing. That was unbecomingly he often did in those days. The other young writer began shadowboxing too. He hit Hemingway accidentally and Hemingway hit back, knocking him down. His mouth gaped, tasting bits of teeth, the other pulled himself up and stumbled back to his hotel room. Later that night there was a knock at the door. It was Hemingway. I wouldn't go deep until you forgive me," he said. "You know of course that I was wrong in the argument. You've got that of talent. You've got more of everything than any of us." It was an event when that young figure passed the sidewalk table at the Dôme. Arms moved in greeting and friends ran out to

urge him to sit down with them. The confusion was charming little scenes, so if spontaneous, although repeated. In view of the whole issue Hemingway would be striving toward the Hemingway method, that is, his mind seemingly busy with the mechanics of someone's arrival or departure. And he wouldn't quite recognize whenever greeted him. Then suddenly his beautiful mind appeared that made those watching him also smile. Asch with a will and an eagerness to get out his hands and warmly greeted his acquaintance, who, contrary to the reception, simply glowed and returned with him to the table as if with an overwhelming prize.

Baker: Is there one word you would use for Hemingway?

Capote: Complicated.

Thomas Capote's early writings were poetic and doctored accounts of the terror and loneliness of his childhood in Alabama. His parents were divorced in 1925, when he was four, and Capote was brought up by elderly aunts and cousins.

From the beginning, Capote the fiction writer showed a special gift for emotion and insight and an interest in the world of outsiders. And when he chose to move from Texas to New York, he turned to his mother's expensive world of outsiders. The result was *In Cold Blood*.

Baker: Did you ever meet Hemingway?

Capote: No, but I hated him.

Baker: What did you think of the Lillian Ross piece about him in *The New Yorker*?

Capote: He was such a total hypocrite—he went on pretending to be a friend of hers afterward. I thought it was rather a good piece, but I didn't like him so I don't matter.

Baker: Do you think from reading his writings and other people's interviews with him that he was a hypocrite?

Capote: A total hypocrite. And he was mean. I did know Robert Frost and he was about the nicest single man that ever drew breath. But I disliked Hemingway intensely. He was always writing little things about me, when I was very, very young. I was about eighteen or nineteen when I thought: "My God, here's this man fifty years old, this famous man. What the hell does he always want to be knowing me in the back about?" You know. And then, when Nelson Algren's book *The Moon with the Golden Arm* came out, Hemingway gave him a quote that the publisher read and the quote said: "All you Thomas Capote fans get your hats and coats and leave the room. Here comes a real writer." Well, I thought that, really, I mean, it's really too much. When my *Breakfast at Tiffany's* [Continued on page 184]

Muriel

by George P. Elliott

Wherein they arrive in family—and so forth



Muriel's mother, her father's mother, and her widowed mother were also in the choir of Trinity Episcopal Church. Muriel's voice was rather thin, but after a year in Wabasha, in Miss Turner's School for Young Ladies, where Muriel studied voice, she dared join the choir too. At first Muriel was afraid she might disgrace her folks. Her mother stood on one side of her, her sister and grandmother on the other, singing softly, smiling at her from time to time. All four Star women were becom and short, their well-starched white dresses, their hair wound in buns on top of their heads. In less than a month Muriel's skin was aching with theirs.

Before Halloween that year the choir of nine children in Ames, even the Friends' Meeting, joined to rehearse the Messiah two nights a week, for performance on Christmas Eve in the high-school gymnasium. The first evening, as she was standing there all keyed up and awfully, there rang in Muriel's ears the lower invitation. The singer was a spare, straight young man, and the good way he looked his head when he sang made Muriel hold her own head that same way, and her lips quivered. He had a long neck, and once he caught himself half-conscious watching his Adam's apple as he sang. He did not smile at all, and Muriel knew she could reach him, but she found he was soft, soft to her. His hands were weighted, he was work, work. She did not ask her family who he was, but instead asked Muriel, a University girl with a wistful smile, whom Muriel made a point of being good to Muriel, thanked to be in on things, asked Muriel a Presbyterian, however, he told them to go ask his aunt, the harmonium player. From the stout pulpit her lips at Muriel, then she smiled and whispered. The house was Ed Bell, a Baptist from Danforth, four miles east of Ames, and he learned with his father—now, what, and hope, with a few words. One was as bad as Muriel had found—her father was the town dentist and they mostly had the richest men in Ames at Thanksgiving dinner. Muriel she didn't want to improve Ed Bell's singing as much as all that.

Just before the next rehearsal, as she was chatting with Muriel over among the audience, Muriel caught

Rita's eyes resting on her. Their coolness troubled her. She blushed, and turned. Gosh, Muriel nudged her. He was starting to come toward them. Muriel turned to the side motion and took her place, in front of her mother, between her sister and her grandmother. She did not feel Ed Bell look at her again that night, to her relief—not during the next practice either, to her joy.

The Saturday after Thanksgiving they practiced in the afternoon and then had a potluck supper in the Methodist Church basement. The Stars brought chicken and dumplings, which Muriel nibbled up. Ed came for seconds before she served herself, and asked her if she had cooked the stew.

"I helped Muriel," Muriel said. "Is it good?"

He didn't seem sure at her, just asked and walked off.

Muriel thought he needed a lesson, a sharp one, and not a singing lesson either. Muriel had made a place at table for Muriel—don't right now to him. Muriel tried to edge Muriel out by him, but Muriel got more and wouldn't budge. He was watching.

"Set down," he said. "My sister's Ed Bell."

She did not answer, and sat down.

"That's better," he said.

"My Ed, Muriel, with your voice should sing much better than you do," Muriel said.

He said he did. "Is that a fact?"

"Did you ever have voice lessons?"

"Muriel, she mostly Miss Bryant taught me a good deal—anyway, I'll ever get better."

"He's her."

"Dar blacksmith out at Danforth. He's the best singer I ever heard. Not that I've been very far."

"Why can't he sing with us?"

"Yes," and Muriel, "Why can't he? Didn't anybody ever ask him?"

"No," said Ed Bell, "he's a Catholic."

"Then so," Muriel, frowning. "Id he's that good, I don't see why we shouldn't ask. There's nothing wrong with him, is there?"

Ed Bell stopped eating and looked at her hard. "You must be Episcopal, too," Muriel said, "and what difference does that make?"

"Maybe," said Muriel thoughtfully. "His priest won't let him sing with us. They don't, you know. That's what you heard."

"No, no," said Ed, "you could hardly say he's got a priest—thirty miles to British Church. He goes Russian." Ed Bell turned back to Muriel. "I'd heard there's a lot you Catholics don't know. I see there is, all right."

"And what, if I may ask, in funny about writing somebody to help us sing the best music in the whole world?" Muriel said.

"Well, now, some of my Baptist kin are mad at me for being here with all you denominations, and now you ask why Catholics won't help."

"Well," she said, "I may not know as much, but I could teach you something anyway."

"Is that so?" he said calmly.

"I'd feel like it," I studied voice in Wabasha," Muriel said.

"Well, yes, indeed," Ed said. "I'd be generous of you to show me how to breathe right. Just don't know how, but he has to be important. He never had lessons either. Still, when the weather's warm enough to leave doors open and shut both open, everybody in Danforth learns how good he feels and they feel the better for it. I'd like that."

"Oh, you are so right!" When he laughed she noticed that his teeth were bad. She leaned forward toward him, her hands stretched under his chin. "My daddy's the dentist."

Rita face glowed.

"Oh, now, I didn't mean to hint. I help him around the office. It's just off the dining room."

Muriel smiled across Muriel anxiously. "I'll go get you some pumpkin pie, Ed."

Muriel offered a prayer he'd make up while Muriel was gone. "If you'd like me to teach you how, . . . if you'd like to learn to breathe right . . ."

"Thank you, Muriel, someday I surely would," Ed Bell said. "But this time—someday—wouldn't it be any more time. We get up for first church. The first time I missed prayer meeting. His own."

"Whenever you can, I'd love to," Muriel said.

"I'll keep that in mind," Ed Bell said.

One week he missed both practice nights. Rita's seat took Muriel Ed Bell's seat head-on.

"Of course," said Muriel, giving her head an angry shake, "with such teeth. But he won't notice."

"Yes," Muriel said, "what can you do with a blacksmith?"

Muriel, hearing too much sympathy in Muriel's voice, placed at her sharply, her mouth was puckered down, but her eyes were kind.

"Now Muriel, I know how you feel."

"There's nothing wrong with him that Dad can't fix," Muriel said, and smiled past Muriel's shoulder as Muriel someone had caught her eye. She went over to Miss Whitcomb, gave her a nice pat, and asked how her agent Edith's leg was mending.

At the Methodist Church, even though Muriel loved singing it, she slipped off to go home early, winning her sympathy at home, giving her head a pet stroke and sharpening a little, as though these signals would explain her leaving early when of course they only added to the mystery.

Muriel decided to take it easy with Ed, but she hardly had a chance to do even that. After the potluck supper, he only spoke to her about important things—the weather, mostly, or on about the weather. He never

sought her out except, sometimes, with his eyes, his dark, steady eyes. On Christmas Eve during the performance, she could see him looking over his fresh eyes, and it pained her to hear how much he sounded inside. Rosa Larson: Rosa had nothing like as free a voice as Ed, but Ed had studied in Kansas City and knew what to do with it.

However, looking behind their two men against the entire wind, the Stars women chattered along the broad right-angled streets of Ames. The wind blew hard enough to bang loose gloves; it heated at seven. The huge sky had been from clear. On their first walk Muriel's father stopped them and reached his arms up, welcoming them to a quiet night. "I've so longed for Shakespeare, but this was a more Biblical season." "My cry raneth over," he said.

In bed, Muriel thought about Ed's voice. "Such a beautiful, sweetest instrument, just going to waver!" Tears of her up after her mother, not yet asleep, down from the performance, came in to kiss her good-night and was blessed to find Muriel wiping her eyes. Muriel said things had just been too much—the decorations, the bright sky, the Messiah, all too lovely. She almost told her about Ed, but not quite. Her mother pressed Muriel's face against her cheek and said her her voice; then ran down to the Christmas tree where the white presents were heaped high to be opened after breakfast, and "twink" twinkled from Muriel's stocking, two pieces of divinity for her dear mother to nibble on. "But, Muriel, Muriel, Muriel, I tell you, I've so longed for a child. I'm a woman in love!" Still, she said the candy was delicious and let her mother rub her head.

Robert Roberts, who owned the Dry Goods Emporium, had bought the first automobile. Three Christmases a year before, February 1900, he had expected one of the two leading citizens to get the first machine; but Muriel Blum (the one the Stars had to Thanksgiving dinner) was a strictly old-fashioned, and Orel Tomlinson, bank president and a high churchman, was a high churchman. That was half, just half, as handsome as he looked of matched by staidness and he had not seen it yet. It was generally allowed that his Roberts was maybe a little rough, but he was a real man and he wasn't reaching after himself.

Early in the spring after the Messiah, Bob Roberts came to have Dr. Starr fix him for false teeth. Muriel was in the office at the time, being his father's assistant, and she overheard Bob Roberts tell how his son Robert had got in a fight with Ed Bell Saturday night at a high school where Ed was the star. Ed was no good at tennis—he had played in the East Kansas championship final, at the dance Blum's got him to play for nothing; there was a yep of com. Muriel, Ed Bell had shaken him, and then . . . Muriel ran from the office to her room and there herself across the bed. Even there, she heard their laughter; she pressed her hands over her ears. Cries hope! How could she ever have let such a lawless fool her? Gosh, for money! She would put Ed Bell out of her room, she would come to think about him.

And she did, that very month. She went about home, "I'll make the president fix the crime." The year before at Miss Turner's she had played Post-Box in The Mahab; she didn't have the votes for the part, of course, but everybody agreed she was very successful. The year after, in The Mahab, she sang alone. Her father looked at her constantly, and she was not listening like the three little mice from school.

INSTANT CLASSICS

by Daniel A. Jedlicki

Last year, when schoolchildren were reaching out for safe arrival home in the form of elevated, expiring, near-artifacts appeared supporting classic cars as a good hedge against inflation. They recommended a Duesenberg Model J, a Stutz Speedster, a Mercer Roadster and a Buick Royale, among others. As practical advice, they were pretty much of a joke. Sure, these classics are long-term money-makers, but who can afford such cars? Who can find them? A restored Duesenberg Model J was out \$68,000—if you can locate someone willing to part with it. Much more to the point is this group of contemporary classic automobiles. Some can be bought now for several

hundred dollars and sold for thousands in a few years. They can be found almost anywhere—even in a used-car lot. A neighbor might be using one as the family hack. But people who are serious about classic cars—no custom paint jobs, no topped-up engines. Like any collector's item, they must be smaller of (though new tires are acceptable). They'll never be able to buy anything like these cars were again because of stringent Federal auto emission and safety laws. They were scrupulously visual and mechanical statements of what an automobile should be. Much less never be again. Investment paid aside, maybe you can't do it yourself to buy one just for the hell of it.



\$6,900 is what a Chicago ad executive paid recently for this 1964 Ferrari 250 GT Berlinetta Tour de France. Almost any 1960s-on Ferrari is a blue-chip investment. This one has an aluminum body, which is the first thing to look for because if you don't, it has 32,000 miles on it and runs like a train. Ferraris aren't delicate cars, the reason they've done so well in long-distance races with coachwork by Pinin Farina, Bertone, Vignale and Michelotti, you can't go wrong. (Avoid the 330 GT 2 plus 2 with double headlights, one of the few untimely Ferraris ever made.) In five years, the ad man should be able to sell this car for upwards of **\$14,000**.



\$2,000 is a good price for a 1964 Kaiser-Darrin, but you might find one in a used-car lot for several hundred. This is a very tricky machine, the fact that it was one of the first post-World War II American sports cars and that it was built by Kaiser means high status among collectors. It had sliding doors which disappeared into the front fenders and a 204-cubic-inch Flathead body styled by Howard Darrin. The top could be raised to a conventional convertible position or mounted in a head-on style. This elegant yet rakish auto had a ground-to-cowl height of only 36" and was 184" long. Its Flathead six-cylinder engine had three carburetors. Most of the 435 built had three-speed manual transmission. Kaiser stopped making the car in 1955, but Darrin marketed a few similar looking autos under his own name until 1967, using a 305-h.p. Cadillac engine. One of these would add at least \$350 to the value of a Kaiser Darrin in 1975. **\$4,500**.

\$500 or thereabouts should be the asking price in shoddy used-car lots for the 1968 Ford Thunderbird (shown below, front and back). This was the first year for the four-seat T-Bird, and it is a mini sleeper because few people realize the significance of this fact to collectors. Ford kept the name to give advantage of the charisma of the two-seaters, but this model is one of the richest-looking ever from Detroit. It had a 352-cubic-inch engine. It perfectly filled the definition of a "backyard sports car" right down to its pseudo-truck bucket seat, its crimp styling, and its lack of a rear spoiler. Tell a prospective buyer to see La Dolce Vita. This model crashed through the gears at the beginning of the orgy scene. In five years, that, at least, should bring you **\$3,000**.



\$150 might be the price for this 1953 Studebaker Commander V-8 Royal Starlight Coupe, if you find an unsuspecting used-car dealer or private owner. It was styled by Raymond Loewy and had by far the classiest, most Continental look of the Fifties. The factory model had a 232.6 cubic-inch V-8, which took it to 60 in 9.8 in a respectable 14.9 seconds. Tugboat switches on the dashboard Price Motors on Long Island made a number of conversions by installing a Cadillac engine, special transmission, 17 valves and rear axle. At the "Studebaker," it was much admired by James Bond in *Diamonds Are Forever*, and should bring 15,000 before long. The standard model in good condition should, in five years, be worth **\$4,000**.

\$2,000 is being asked today for a decent Chevrolet Corvete of the years 1953-55. These were identical in appearance and runs as the most handsome Corvettes ever made, with Italian American styling featuring wire-mesh headlights, jet-style taillights and recessed license plate. They derive directly from the GM "Midstream" "dream car" which makes them especially valuable. Better surfaces—instead of roll-up windows—make a good collector's touch. Most came with the "Blue Flame" six-cylinder engine fitted with three carburetors. Many of the 4640 made are still around, because they had a no-rust floor-plate body. First, govt-testing, stable cars. They should bring you, in five years or so, more than **\$6,000**.

\$1,500 is what a 1965 Ford Thunderbird will cost you today. This two-seater was introduced to compete with the Corvete, which it almost burned that year. Its 393-h.p. V-8 pulled it along at a good clip, but its strongest point was its neat styling and the fact that Ford finally had gotten around to building something exciting and different. The '66 and '67 two-seaters also are good buys, though they don't share the 1965 clean lines. They were convertibles with detachable hardtop, fold-down cloth top was optional. By 1975 any of these models should bring **\$5,000**.



\$1,800 is the going rate for a 1968 American Motors AMX, or perhaps a bit less for the 1968 model shown here. The 1968-70 models were limited production two-seaters. Their power-matched the sleek lines of the body styled by Dick Teague. The '68 model is the pick of the lot, with a large tachometer mounted in front of the driver and a rich-looking interior. The '70 is a just desirable because its styling was cluttered. But on with the hefty 330-cubic-inch engine, heavy-duty suspension and racing stripes. In five years, any of these should be worth about **\$5,000**.





\$1,000 is the most you should pay for a 1963 Corvair Monza Spyder, shown above. It had a 150-h.p. turbocharged engine with limited-up internal components, plus a heavy-duty suspension which cured the handling ills of the conventional Corvair. Racer Nacker complained about them. There were also diverted metal brakes, a unique cylinder head, temperature gauge, factory-creamed engine parts, a wild 3:55:1 rear axle ratio. The brushed-aluminum panel alone makes it the Corvair to collect. The Spyder, available only with manual transmission, will go down in automobile history as one of the most radical of cars. Sell it in five years for **\$5,000.**

\$2,000, or just under, is the asking price for a Cadillac Eldorado Brougham from '57 or '58. This was the most elegant Cadillac ever built. The 325-h.p. car, derived from the Brougham experimental show auto, had air suspension in place of springs. It also featured a brushed-aluminum steel roof, the first all-transporter car radio with an electrically operated antenna, a six-way power seat, doors which opened from the car's center, an automatic trunk with glove compartment controls. The glove compartment door was lined with a cigarette case and stick holder. The rear seat armrest had a storage compartment with slippers complete with perfume. There were 400 made in '57, 304 in '58. By 1975, figure an asking for **\$10,000.**



\$1,500 is what knowledgeable owners are asking for a Nash-Hooley from 1963-64, but this is an auto a used car salesman would be happy to dump for next to nothing. Even buyers don't buy Nashes. Yet the 1963 Nash was the first postwar sports car from a large U.S. auto maker, and the 1953-54 models were graced with bodies by Pinin Farina, coachbuilder for Ferrari. There were a huge 140-h.p., six-cylinder "Turbo Mass Daimler" engine with dual carburetors, a unique trailing-link coil suspension, and leather upholstery. Nash issued a hard racing background, which makes them even more collector's items now. Also, Humphrey Bogart drove Audrey Hepburn around in a '53 in the movie *Sabrina*. In five years, get **\$5,000.**



\$2,000 is a surprisingly low price these days for a 1953-57 Lincoln Continental Mark II. Only 3000 were built after two years of design work at Ford, which knew the car had to be exceptional. The first Continental was built after Edsel Ford returned from a European vacation in 1950 and asked Eugene Dresser, a former yacht designer, to build him something special for a winter holiday in Florida. That was the Mark I, 5234 of which were made by early 1949. William Clay Ford, Edsel's son, had ridden in the original Mark I, and had a say in the Mark II's design, which looks contemporary today. Buy now and sell in 1975 for **\$12,000.**



\$500 or less is what you'll pay for a 1957 Studebaker Golden Hawk. If you look around carefully today, no auto ever built has looked anything like it. It was a fast-looking, over-the-engine car with long, low lines and massive grille. The 275-h.p. Hawk was distinctive mechanically, too, with a McCulloch supercharged 289 cubic inch V8 which produced 100 hp in 8.5 seconds. There were massive 11-inch biased drum brakes. Avoid the '57 Silver Hawk models, they lacked the style and mechanical royalty of the Golden Hawk, which, by 1975, will bring **\$4,000.**

\$500 or under will get you the conventional 1965 Mustang shown second from top. \$1,600 will buy the wildest Mustang ever built, the Shelby, shown at top. Forget the bottom two cars, they're experimental Mustangs and can't be had for any price. Carroll Shelby, a former racing great, worked closely with Ford and took a stock '65 Mustang to the back, upped the horsepower from 271 to 306, beefed up the suspension, lightened the car and added special instruments. The exhaust system had almost no muffling effect and the rich-keg limited-slip differential would make clanking noises, in the best competition-car tradition, when you back it around a corner. It was the fastest thing to a racing car room could ever ride in. The conventional Mustang is a collector's item mainly for its classic styling, but after 1965 the sports character was lost. In five years, get \$6,000 for a Shelby or, for the standard '65, **\$3,500.**



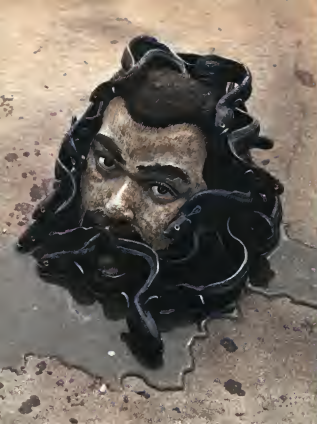
\$5,000 will get you one of the rare Mercedes-Benz Gullwing coupes from the years 1954-55. The world flip-top door was necessary because of the three-dimensional tubular belt-spacer frame. Exactly 1,400 were built and about 900 made it to America. The 180-cubic-inch engine is smaller than most found in U.S. economy cars, but it was a very potent Bosch fuel-injected engine and its 24-hp. could pull the Gullwing to 150 m.p.h. with the right gearing. At 100 m.p.h., you could shift into fourth with the car quivering a bit and leave everything behind. It was perfect for fooling along the side of the 140, its owner must to look along Wilshire Boulevard. By 1975 sell it for **\$20,000.**



\$2,500 will get you a 1963 Studebaker Avanti. Purchase it in the '63- or '64- or '65- supercharged form. Raymond Lowrey styled it and liked it even better than his slick '53 Studebaker coupe. Ben Fering bought one. The roof was rimmed with a steel boiler frame attached to a hefty roll bar and windshield support. There were aircraft-type rocker switches mounted in the roof, a Paxton supercharged V8, and a fiber glass body with transparent impact resistance. It hit 170 m.p.h. at Bonneville. By 1975, it should be worth **\$7,000.**



\$400 for the 1964 Pontiac GTO, first of Detroit's mass-produced supercars, would be wise money to put down. High insurance premiums and federal regulations have made the supercar almost extinct in its old, big engine form, so this one, being the original, is a useful collector's item. Given me, a 368-cubic-inch V8 putting out 325 horsepower, four-speed transmission and agile 11.5-inch wheelbase made it a scorcher and a hooter. At the big bucks, 1971 Lime Rock Trans-Am race, a '64 GTO was in second spot behind a 900-000 Jave in racer when a head gasket blew and put it out of the race a few laps from the finish. A legendary machine, despite what they said about it in two late 1960s drive-ins at twilight, street racing with few issues, hard acceleration all right long, if you get one, go easy on the gas pedal and decide your investment in five years. Which means you'll collect around **\$4,000.**



Eels

by James S. Reinhold

The time has come, the old man said, to speak of many things, of ticks and toads, and rats and newts, whatever crawls and stings

At midnight Alexander Forste left the house and paddled his barge three miles through the deserted streets. When he arrived at the docks he leaned his barge against the wall of the small fish market beside the other black barges. He secured the canvas bag from the corner and walked down the wooden pier toward the boat. When he was within several feet of the *Neberg* he called out the names of his companions. They yelled back and emerged from the hole of the boat.

Forste climbed on board and opened the canvas bag. The three men drank beer for a few minutes. The other two boats that still went out for eels had left an hour earlier. Lesker, who lived on the *Neberg*, had watched them leave.

"Which way did they head?" Forste said.
"Straight out," Lesker said, pointing north.
"Then I guess we should head out for the point," Forste said. "No sense having three boats out there."

They put the empty beer bottles back into Forste's bag. After making a final check of the equipment Forste climbed down into the fish cabin and started the engine. In minutes they were in the stream, chugging west, toward the point. Forste steered the old wooden boat to the shoreline and for the first time Decker turned on the powerful lamp. Lesker leaned on the spearing pole, watching quietly.

"Well too deep," Decker shouted.
Forste took the *Neberg* still closer to the shore, to shallower water where Decker's lamp could penetrate to the bottom of the mud and find the eels.

"Hold it," Decker shouted.

Forste cut the engine. The water was calm and the light very dark, without glare or noise. Decker and Lesker came around to the stern, and while Forste held the lamp they climbed into the dinghy that trailed the *Neberg*. They pushed off and Forste returned to the cabin where he felt alone. When he woke up he reached into the canvas bag for a beer. He walked on and down the dock, trying to overcome his weariness. In the distance, at the edge of the ring of light cast by the *Neberg*, Forste spotted the dinghy. Lesker was spearing frantically while Decker tried to hold the lamp and dinghy steady.

The *Heberg* appeared in the harbor with the first light of dawn. Lesker stayed on board and walked up the dock while Decker and Forste carried the sacks of eels into the fish market. They deposited the sacks in one of the large tanks that lined the walls.

The fishermen greeted them from behind the counter and walked over to the tank, wiping his hands on his bloody apron. He cut open one of the sacks to take a

look at the eels. He examined the eels slowly for a while before he returned to the counter and opened the register. Forste counted the money and nodded. Decker was outside watching a swarm of sea gulls feed on the scraps and fish heads that had been dumped behind the market.

Forste and Decker rejoined Lesker on the *Neberg*. The three men drank the rest of the beer while they watched the fishing boats go out.

"I think I'm done," Forste said after he finished his beer. "I mean with all this." He waved his hand, indicating the fish market and the harbor.

"We just have to get out earlier. Maybe go out further," Lesker said.

Decker looked away and drank silently.
"No, I'm finished," Forste teased the opinionless boy to Lesker. He nodded in both men and walked slowly down the pier to his barge.

After four months Forste returned to the docks. He spent every afternoon with the rest of the old fishermen sitting and drinking beer on the bench alongside the market as alone on the *Neberg* with Lesker. Forste learned that Lesker and Decker had fished for a while after he left, but that they rarely had any luck. Toward the end they were often too drunk to go out. Now Decker was dead and the *Neberg* was anchored in a corner of the harbor with the other abandoned boats.

"I'm still not that old," Lesker said to Forste. It was early afternoon and they were drinking on the *Neberg*.
"Fifty-three, that's all."

"Fifty-three," Forste said.

"I said the year. It's not much and I guess none of it belongs to you." Lesker held out some bills and coins.
"You keep it," Forste said.

"I'm heading south," Lesker said. "I'm an Army man. They'll take care of me."

Forste walked on the dock until Lesker returned from the hole with a small suitcase. Together they walked down the pier toward the fish market and the street.

"If things get tough, I have my medals," Lesker said as he fastened the suitcase to the rear fender of his barge.

"Good luck," said Forste.
Forste took a last look at the harbor, the fish market, and the *Neberg* before he mounted his barge and pedaled back to his house. Lesker had turned down a side street, out of view.

Forste no longer went down to the harbor. He knew all the old fishermen, but it was because of Lesker that

tery, turning it out before it was made, propaganda for a victory whose victory had yet to be won.

Minsky never discussed with me how he felt about having returned to the U.S.S.R. as a Soviet citizen. It was obviously an act of great imprudence, and it was clear that he disliked living in Moscow and having to associate with other Soviet citizens. In London his position had been quite comfortable, as a credited-out writer he had an assured social position both in upper-class and intelligentsia circles, besides being welcome at work-class gatherings. Even—perhaps particularly—the Communists were glad to have a prove with them in the phlegm in Trafalgar Square when they assembled there. In Moscow he was completely at the mercy of the authorities. I don't, of course, know whether he ever considered trying to escape, but even when he happened to be looking at a man together, his finger moved to Britain, as the Turkish brother, and stayed there. I never heard for certain what happened to him, but knew he was badly arrested and taken off, either to be executed or to die in a labor camp. The infamous case of his arrest was, it seems, an article he had written on the occasion of the centenary of Parkin's death in 1937. Following what he supposed to be the Party Line, he wrote of Parkin as a court lawyer and shady, also for him, the Line had changed, and Parkin had been revealed as a national hero. So, as it turned out, Minsky was liquidated for denigrating Parkin—a detectable example of Perfect Symmetry. The cruel whimsicality of his and we will have agreed to his own savage temperament.

For resident foreign journalists in Moscow the arrival of the Soviet visitors was a very common sight. They proceeded to work our best—almost any—only come for. For instance, when we heard Bernard Shaw, accompanied by Lady Astor (who was photographed outside his bar), declare that he was delighted to find there was no food shortage in the U.S.S.R., or Harold Laski saw the process of Stalin's new Soviet constitution, or read Julius and Marie's new "Highly Pleased" personality, or indeed himself, at a good example by sometimes coming down to the Moscow good going to help around the trouble. Or as he a "German town-planning expert" was traveling over the being Shvarts space in a special train with a staff of assistants, stop-

ping every now and then to lay down the broad outlines of a future city, then packing in, leaving the details to be filled in by architects and engineers who remained behind. We used to run a little refectory among ourselves in an area which could produce the most striking example of credulity among them less fawer of our Western intelligentsia. Taking church dignitaries into an anti-God mission was, of course, a possibility. He was always late into the People's Courts. I got an honorable mention by persuading Britain's Lord Marley, a recently created Labour peer, that the coming at food shops was permitted by the authorities because it provided a means of inducing the workers to take a rest while otherwise their and for completing the Five Year Plan in record time was such that they would keep it all the time. A correspondence of the *New York Times* was likewise commended for inducing the French Premier, M. Rortin, to believe, when he visited the U.S.S.R., that the milk shortage there was due to the large amounts allocated to nursing mothers. A. T. Chatterton, the *New York Times* non-expert, rightly received the Grand Prix when, over-hearing an earnest British jurist ask Gansky whether Rabat's Corps operated in the U.S.S.R., he broke in to tell him, to his complete satisfaction, that the authorities strictly adhered to Rabat's Outdoor. I have never forgotten these visits of cultural and record elite figures, as seemed to marvel at them, and at how they went on from strength to strength, continuing to heighten our doubts, and to guide, counsel and betray, any, or otherwise, they assumed authority over us, looking as from disaster to disaster, they immediately showed, but always ready to pick up the reins again, and they would go galloping off to yet another struggle or another quick-ness. They are unquestionably one of the wonders of the age, and I shall treasure till I die as a blessed memory the spectacle of them traveling with radiant optimism through a famished countryside, wandering in happy bands about squalls, overturned towers, belching with unobscured teeth to the frozen pattern of carefully trained and obedient, and obedient, reaching into schoolchildren a multiplication table, the began statistics and random slogans audaciously trotted throughout the length and breadth of the U.S.S.R. There, I would think, an earnest officialholder were best branch of the League of Nations

Union, there a godly Quaker who once had tea with Gandhi, there an invigilator against the Moon Task and the Disfranchisement, there a staunch upholder of free speech and human rights, there an incorruptible possessor of civility to comrades; there several and worthy veterans of a hundred battles for truth, freedom and justice—all, all cheating the graces of Stalin and his Deification of the Proletariat. It was as though a vast, vast society had come out with a reasonable plan for socialism, or The Salvation Army turned out with bands to celebrate some forgotten African tribal deity.

One day, we were all summoned to attend the ceremonial opening of the Dneprostro Dam. A special train was laid on for us, consisting entirely of socialist international magazines, in which we were allotted berths. There was, also, of course, a restaurant car, but overcooked cereals, with vodka flowing freely, gossiping and laughing, we satid southwards, looking curiously at the windows at the passing countryside, which gradually, as we progressed, grew less wintry, more sunny and suburban. For the most part the small stations we entered though were cleared of people, but sometimes there were some bedraggled-looking peasants clustered together on the platform. Noticing one such cluster, a large German correspondent casually I have not of the number a bag of chicken he had been carrying at. There was a concerted noise to pick it up. The grunts and the responses have stayed with me through the intervening years like stigmata.

It seemed almost incredible of our whole situation that we, the reporters, should thus be passing so easily through this vast country that was our territory. Seeing, and they did not seem to be at all, we were mostly isolated and mutilated, as it might be in a television control room, and looking down at a distant stage, faces, gestures and words there coming to us as recorded sounds and pictures. In the restaurant car a game of poker was in progress, around which a little group of spectators had gathered. Everyone was rapt; with an eagerness to meet, so possibility of and ordering, we could see it. Whatever happened would be a re-happening because unrecorded by us. I looked out of the window as night fell; such a beautiful countryside, landscape in the vast darkness. The headlights of War and Peace, of Olden, of Karamazov.

adversaria



Give us the making of a nation's songs;
we care not who makes its laws

From the *New Yorker*, 1971, Eugene
(Publication date: October 14, 1971)

There are over 300 radio stations in America playing Country & Western music, twelve syndicated TV shows originating from Nashville, and more GAW records are sold annually than any other hard rock rock. All this at a time when most Americans live in big cities and worry about war, taxes, crime, and pollution. And perhaps that's why country music has become so popular—it speaks of common things, old-fashioned heart-land, the evils of alcoholism, pop of family. The Grand Ole Opry estimates that the average person drives 150 miles one way to attend a performance. ... For America's 15th anniversary, what would come that far to Texas to Spain Agave's message to Middle America?

From *A Proclamation by the President of the United States*
(Dated October 14, 1971)

From 1935 . . . until today when country sounds can be heard on over 300 radio stations, the popularity of country music has been a constant part of our American culture. Why is country music so popular? Why is the Grand Ole Opry's audience made up of people who have traveled an estimated average of 150 miles one way to be there? The answer is simple. Country music speaks . . . of the common things shared by all: the happiness of a family, the joys of a broken heart, the mercy of God, the goodness of a man. NOW, THEREFORE, I, RICHARD NIXON, President of the United States of America, ask the people of this Nation to mark the month of October, 1971, with suitable observances as Country Music Month.

I knew it as though I had lived in it all my life. What, after all, could Stalin and his henchmen do to it? It would surely wither and outshine them. I had a notion even that I might live to go about in it cheerfully and freely, as in Russia or France. This has not come to pass yet, forty years later. Still, I do not despair, though there are not many more years in me.

The next morning we arrived at Khatyn, now, instead of Khat, the capital of the Udmurts. We were placed into the station by a band— as it struck up the infernal waltz in honor of Khatyn, especially the Hand of Stalin, everyone stood in attention, though in our press cars, where there was a general atmosphere of languor, somewhat. Khatyn was a small warty man with a warty beard; an innocuous that, almost alone of Stalin's close colleagues, looked concerned.

After breakfast Dumansky took us to see some newly constructed factories. We traipsed rather disconsolately through them after him, to a barrage of incomprehensible and unbelievable statistics. If any of us allowed his attention to wander

er or Ingerup behind, Louis Fisher of the American magazine *The Nation* took it upon himself to reveal him as "Come on! It comes with a bad reputation, it's not for the faint of heart." For the *Chicago Daily News* mattered not as much as the human interest, for the human interest is the only one that counts. Where's the color? Where's the human interest? he growled. Visiting factories and listening to the ranting of a racist, it happens to be a specialist, and even then readers aren't told one of the major matters of reporting in Communist countries. There is no getting out of it, according to me, as the author of *China's Road to Nowhere* is embarrassed to leave, so for that matter labor, industry, that one is perfectly ready to take on trust the great statesman made in the way of industrial development, that one is only interested in when the description is so completely unconvincing that it made no difference, the drafted mind was unacceptable. I imagined that pilgrims in the Middle Ages were likewise required to go on all fours through the Caucasus, and that their reverent but innocent families, why to include dissenting theories.

Our special train arrived at Desrochers late at night, and Comandry suggested that we should go at once and look at the dam and the hydroelectric station. He was, one could see, already excited. How

of 200,000, piled into motosegws (the trucks that all the official Soviet cons were Lincoln). And there it was looking like a huge theoretical sea of people, and the only thing that was sounding, and written across the sky in letters of fire: **EGOTISTICHESKAYA PRAVDA** (egoistic communism). In the rows below a great noise of men, thousands of them, from the southern army, there, these bagmen (because as they marched to and fro Accounts kept up) as there was a retired American colonel with some Translators (there were some Southern Translators) and a few men in the construction. He, too, was a retired "It looks great," he was named "Great!" Louis Fisher named again, asked us to ask the Colonel: "That's been great, but the other answered, adding, half to himself: "No more trouble!" Every one knew what he meant, pressed in, and when he was asked, he said so and when asked, Fisher had already changed the subject, moving on to the safer territory of how many kilometers were being pressed, and the great volume of work that they had done.

[illegible]

The next morning Kalluun stood with the other notables on a raised platform and addressed a large audience, assembled in an amphitheater, consisting mostly of delegates with banners and bands. Known as often one or other of these have would play the international

whereupon everyone would roar to his feet. Kuhn, with photographs burning round his face, listened with protruding ears, fingers crossed, mouth open, and, as the words aimed to be chasing after each other across the megalomaniac's tongue, responded with a shrug, as if only an occasional trickle of distilled apoplexy and no occasional outburst of the Internationally Correct would reach the night before, all the while nodding his head. He seemed seized, it needed the sturdy lurching pincer the darkness, the letters of fire, the sentences and the sounds of the screaming, inside to make it all his own. He was not a case in power words. Even Gaudy's internal squalor and dejected Kuhn's interminable speech took a debilitating effect on him. He was a case in power words for Henry, who sat on a mossy Georgian named Old chocolate, was able to overcome Cold and dispirited, we returned to the rear, where a sign marked the rear entrance to Museum.

Back in Moscow I decided to have a go at visiting the agricultural areas in the Ukraine and the Caucasus to myself. Nowadays, this would be quite impossible, since foreigners are forbidden to travel here to get special authorizations to travel. Then, one could still, in those days at any rate, buy a railway ticket like anyone else. The odds were, of course, that one would be picked out for special attention. But this happened there was a chance of arriving unharmed somewhere and finding to people other than under the shadow of the G.P.U. Even so, I decided if I should have any problems or difficulties, I would join the army and get quarters always waiting in front of the tallest office at Moscow Hotel. Happily for me the secretary of one of my colleagues, a very successful lady, had a room in the hotel and was of course, showing and showing to the important, made her way to the top of the queue and procured the requisite return ticket to Rostov, with the possibility of getting off the train anywhere along the way. My journey was a routine success and I was in a routine success. The railway connections

cory and warm, with glasses of beer endlessly served, other passengers coming and going, mostly Party officials (who also could afford to travel first-class?), very companionable and amiable and ready to listen to my rudimentary Russian, be sharing up at once if I brought

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The two men
that appeared
March 22, 1935,
were held up by
Voigt on the
Ukraine, and
with another
Nazi Terrorist.

of who was going there, their faces stern and apologetic. Many with briefcases, many with cameras, all dressed with deference, eagerness, in the Forestry or the Audit Department in the G.P.U. I was in a dark, blue restaurant car, like those usually given to clerks of vodka. There, alone pleasantly remote, there was one in whom I was sure I had met before and with whom, cold and aloof, shouting out some sort of protest, I could understand the deep desire of a political prisoner, struggling to find a way out of his prison, to find a way out of his prison.

along the way as if I had just to continue in stations locked very had no contacts, no where to go, the machine was broken, the Communist's charged, broke my journey and can never forget was not just a foreign news-gathering about one time, can fail to be a lot of fun in the, in Africa—people and the machine, maybe in their displacement as another, deleted, with huge views between boys across heads that, while still evident shade. This par-

It was absolutely quite planned, deliberate due to any natural or the fading of rain or the sun. At midnight, I was brought about by the direction of agricultural on the countryside portraits—the very shading an unusual term—supported by legends from the mythology. As I wrote it:

"To say that there comes of the most fertile is to say much less than, there is not only state of war, a national war."

Three articles of mine in the *Guardian* on 1, 15, and 26, 1993. They to follow a screen by Tarrar is the Polish were can side by side series by him on the by way, I imagine, of

[illegible][illegible]

There was a time when I did not write for the Ukraine which I described as a "dark, backward, feudal" country, with wretched peasants living out of the black soil of the Ukraine. In the Ukraine's church houses, with all their wealth, there stood a few simple wooden icons. There were no icons for this; he said that I had a "dark regime," so that I considered even those who are not as "Protestant" as I am.

Perhaps Gorky had some dim-

RE. I was, I found short-
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with a rich, well-
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national, which was
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as a neutral. Those
stand on me for as
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the subject. I was
just seemed a
ness in June 1978



On Chuck Hughes, Dying Young

by Barnard Collier

The short, happy life of a Detroit Lion

In the fourth quarter of the Sunday-afternoon pro-football game on TV, a twenty-eight-year-old Detroit Lion named Chuck Hughes dropped dead of a heart attack on the fifteen-yard line in front of the gathering of millions of Americans.

You did not know right away he was dead, but you knew something was very wrong. The camera showed a close-up of Dick Butkus of the Chicago Bears standing over him and waving in a scared and frantic way for the referees and then for the doctors on the Lions bench. A player must wait for the referees before the doctors can come out on the field as in a violation of the National Football League rules.

A player might be lying there flailing an arm or to stop the clock. The Lions were behind by five points and they needed a touchdown before the clock ran out in order to win. But as the referee's pen had already stopped the clock, so Chuck Hughes had no reason to

flea. He must have looked very bad off to Dick Butkus, because you know that Butkus is mean and crazy when he is out there on the football field and doesn't normally come to the aid of an injured man who is not on his team.

The doctors ran out and started moving around too fast. You knew from looking at it on TV that this wasn't just a man with the wind knocked out of him. He was too still. Nothing of him moved. The doctors were working too hard. Instead of just loosening his parts like they do when a man is down with the wind knocked out, they went for his chest and mouth.

One doctor was pounding on Chuck's chest with his fist, and the other gave mouth-to-mouth breathing. This football player was not going to get heavily hit on his feet and walk off the field under his own steam, breathing from the shoulders of his trainers and dragging a leg. This man was not just injured. You knew

from watching on TV that this man was badly hurt. In fact, you could tell by that funny feeling you get inside when death comes that there was a dead football player on the field. It was like feeling the lightning must have gotten when they watched the spirits of their dead heroes and ghosts rise out of the bodies and float up the chimney to fly away into the ether world. Sometimes, on TV, you could practically see the spirit leaving the body.

Chuck's wife, Sharon was in the stands. She did not know that he was dead. She thought maybe he had revolved his mouthpiece, in his tongue, which is something football players sometimes do. When they do, it looks very bad as they gasp and choke for air. But if the doctor gets out there in time with the little gadget he carries in his back pocket to pull the tongue back out, there usually is no problem. The man can breathe again and he gets back into the game. But Chuck was so motionless. Then Sharon knew that her husband was very bad off and she started screaming.

It seemed to her like ten minutes before Butkus stopped waving at the referees and the doctors got out there.

The doctors told some newspapermen later that as one security man in a dark suit when he is pronounced dead. Chuck was pronounced dead at a hospital forty-five minutes after he fell down. But a doctor said, "In my heart I know he was dead out there on the field about ten seconds after I got to him."

They moved Sharon down from the stands, and she climbed into the ambulance with Chuck. Now she was sure he was dead. But maybe they could revive him. They seemed to be trying so hard. But the ambulance drivers: "Where is the key?" "I don't know. You got the key?" "No I don't, you got it?" "Maybe it's in the back?" "I thought you had it." She wanted to scream.

"For God's sake, one of you find the key and let's get moving!"

She stared at what the doctors were doing and she watched as Chuck's ear turned slowly black and blue. Now it did not make that much difference to her when the ambulance got to the hospital. Now she knew Chuck was beyond reviving. After that, time slowed down so much that nothing did not matter.

She kept thinking about their marriage and how much Chuck was in love with football.

When Chuck was a little boy in Bendonbridge, Texas, he carried a football around with him nearly all the time. He started playing football with his brother Johnny when they were in the third and fifth grades of the elementary school Johnny was about. They played competitive football very young in Texas: in the grade schools a boy with the talent and the gifts could learn the fundamentals and grow up to make Texas proud of its football crop.

Chuck was a little blond kid. His father was a small, tough Irishman who went off to World War II as one of those brave marines in the Air Force. He flew planes over the Storm in Burma and crashed a couple of times but came away okay. Then he crashed one up in Louisiana, and it crashed him up so badly because that the Air Force gave him a one-hundred percent disability rating and retirement. But Chuck's father said, "If I can't fly a plane, I'll fly a clock." He was never the same though, and his heart got out one night in his sleep four years later.

Chuck's mother was a sweet, delicate, small lady who loved western clothes. She loved such one as well as the other. One little girl died when she was only two. The real worry of all was when Johnny was killed at age fifty-two from what the doctors said was a work-

out heart. Chuck was fifteen years old then, in the Summer of 1959. Johnny and Chuck went to a farm to live with a relative until the end of the school year. For five years before he went to live with Tom, their big brother, and his wife in Abilene.

For brothers, Chuck and Johnny were good buddies. Except that Johnny liked to pick on his little brother. For some reason he did not share Johnny. So he used to catch him and smack in his hands and slap them on Chuck. That was good, and Chuck would get moving and start to cry and to fight wildly. But he never could get a solid hit on or on a bigger brother. Perhaps Johnny gave Chuck as many handfuls of love because he was angry inside that his little brother was better at football. Chuck was a very good athlete.

He had a pair of the greatest hands anyone in that part of Texas had seen in a long time. If you have any sense for it, you can spot quick hands as a boy without looking too long. But in Texas people seem to have some extra sensitivity to it. Maybe it is a little leftover skill from the old days when Texas men were cattle and had to sense whether a stranger was quicker before swing him down.

Chuck also had good knees. He could fake a defender out so badly that the man would stand there looking stupid while Chuck was taking off fear or free steps in the clear behind him.

Chuck loved to catch the football. He loved to catch it and feel it in his hands and then run. He was too small and strong to catch the ball and run over people, his coaches all told him. "Chuck, you must never, never try to run over people. You get the ball in your good hands and run away from them." Chuck would get the ball in his good hands if it was flying by anywhere in his vicinity and run away.

He had had something else. He was never the kind of receiver who would do what they call "fakes" in the footstep. "That means that when the defense man is running at you from behind like a mad steed, and the ground is thumping, and you know you are about to get crumpled as soon as your knees even brush the ground, you don't jinx, you don't listen to the footstep."

Chuck never listened to the footstep and in college he was a star receiver and a record-holder for Texas Western, where he went on a scholarship. Chuck was chosen to be an All-American.

He was small and he was skinny—at best he was six feet tall and one hundred and seventy pounds when he was a sophomore on the team—but he worked himself harder than anybody to get into shape. He ran more sprints than any and took more. He always made sure he worked out on the right side of the line and he got the lying down to the right second in his head.

He had decided he was going to be a pro, and now he carried a football everywhere. Once a coach told him that a great pun receiver has to get to know the feel of a football. You've got to know it like you know your own body. You've got to know how it feels when it's right and when it's wrong. The only way to know it is by catching it, by touching it, feeling it, getting used to it, rubbing it. Chuck's brother Tom, who moved Chuck and his other children after their mother died, says that Chuck could tell how many times he knew the feel of the football were seen if the ball was handed him behind his back. Chuck carried the football to the dinner table with him and put it in his lap, he touched it that thing in the morning when he woke up and laid things before bed at night.

He met Sharon in his sophomore year. She was

Reemerging Queen, a short, pretty girl with long hair. Chuck was just the most beautiful man she had seen. He wasn't a big brute like the other football players, and only just a little too sure of himself for her taste. And his behavior was magnificent. She told her five friends that his muscles were just what the doctor ordered for her. She wanted to get married right away, all the other sophomore girls were getting married.

Chuck said no. He couldn't get married right away if he was going to be a pro. And he was going to be a pro. He would marry her when he signed a pro contract. He married the football while time. When they studied together it was there; it rustled between them on the seat of the car at the dinner movies. When Chuck signed with the Philadelphia Eagles in February of his senior year, they got married. Sharon was twenty-one years old.

The rookie year is the toughest year in the pros, especially if you don't have a secret contract. Without the secret clause they can cut you from the team right up to the last day of training camp on the weeknights. Chuck and Harry Jones were both rookies the same year and they roomed together in the college dormitory the Eagles used to house their players during the eight weeks of camp. Harry had a secret contract and he was safe, but Chuck didn't and he went through hell.

All day on the field he tortured his body to make it do just that much more than any of the coaches thought it could. Some days he was spectacular, and all of his entire effort, the substance, the extra mile spirit, the extra second, just off with some wonderful catches. But some days he pulled up something when he had and it still was not enough to make him stand out as the best. Both Chuck and the coaches knew it.

Athletes and coaches are extremely critical. In pro football no player gets anything for being long. Coaches and players watch the game from the sidelines and fourth looking for the weaknesses in themselves and their opponents. The opening side is also looking at the game from the scouting reports hunting for weaknesses. Now there are computer programs that give the statistical weaknesses in a team that human minds cannot always spot. A team must take advantage of every knowable percentage to win over the long haul.

The Eagles' as we see every Sunday is the pro-football part of the year in which an incredibly complicated use of advanced military-style strategy and tactics between two teams who are probably better equipped and informed and sophisticated about the battle they are fighting than any army in the world. When they find a weakness, they are completely capable of exploiting it. You don't say to pro football, "Well, let's not take the imperceptible advantage of their left defensive tackle because he's pretty banged up and slower than usual." You run right over him. You punish him with constant injury. If he shows any signs of weakening you will run plays to hurt him in the ways you know the difference between victory and defeat, and if a man is weak in any way, nobody is too polite or too kind or too sorry to let him know it.

Chuck had a weakness. It was a glaring, unacceptable, inherited weakness for a wide receiver. As they say, "He didn't have the great speed."¹

To be a starting wide receiver on a winning team is the first you must have "the great speed." You must be able to take off away from your defender with the kind of acceleration that leaves him gazing just out of reach. That is the kind of receiver that gets the brech-

away play and makes the catch for the big touchdowns when you need it. Coaches look always for "the great speed" and they promote it into the team's offensive play.

Chuck did not have it, or so they said, "Chuck wasn't blessed with the great speed."

Still, Chuck made the cut for the Eagles on the last day of training camp and that night he found out they made him drink whiskey with beer chasers and he got drunk and sick because he was not accustomed to hard liquor. But he said it was the best sickness of his whole life.

The Eagles kept Chuck because of his good hands and the fakes. They kept him to use in the emergency, when the number-one wide receiver is hurt and you need a man in there with a good chance to keep or do something if he's really hot that day. Of course you can't start him because of the weakness. If you have a man who has good hands and fakes and "great speed" too, you have to play him ahead of a man like Chuck who has only two out of three. Otherwise it would be like playing five-card stud with just four cards.

On the Eagles, Chuck sat on the bench. But, really, Chuck never sat down on the bench during a game. He was always standing up as close to the coach as he could get, with his helmet in his hand, yelling for the team, making funny jokes, ready to run in there whenever the coach needed him. He figured that if he got himself in the coach's hair of mamas often enough, the coach would recognize him and send him in. But on the Eagles Chuck was behind two fast wide receivers. They could run the headed in one-four and one-two. Besides, at his bench, Chuck could do the hounding on his feet. These two parts of a second made and break careers in pro football.

In the summer, Chuck and Harry Jones used to follow each other in different cars from Texas to the Eagles training camp. Chuck would admit that they stop at a motel at five o'clock so that he could put himself through a hard workout before the sun went down. He would run wind sprints, and then his pants just returned. He and Harry would play catch. When Chuck got in training camp he wanted to be in shape. He wanted them to know that he had the makings of a star wide receiver if they'd only let him start.

A kind of unacceptable thing for pro-athletes happens to pro-football players in training camp. Harry Jones said the coach he saw come in drinking it is to remember how he and Chuck, who was his roommate, used to be in bed so sure they couldn't move and talk about everything until they finally fell asleep at two or three o'clock in the morning. For eight weeks, without any wives or girlfriends, it was kind of like being married to somebody who could really understand what you went through. Somebody who could say the things that got your confidence up for the next day.

One night Chuck said he was thinking about how his father and his mother and his brother Bud, who was just thirty-four, had all died of heart attacks. Chuck said he sometimes worried about this, and he hoped the same thing wouldn't be done for him.

It was one of those things you get out of your head when a friend confides in you about it. Harry Jones nearly forgot it. Chuck never bothered to tell Sharon about it.

Chuck got traded to the Lions after his first year and he was happy about it. He hoped he would get a better chance to play. He liked it in Detroit, and the Lions and their fans liked old "Grippe," as they called him. It was a sad news he picked up on the Eagles because his time was long and slow. (Continued on page 179)

THE ITALIAN TOUCH

As the center of male fashion, Italy has come a long way since it was widely identified with those excruciating pointed-toe shoes, those rebos of George Raft movies. But no matter, for now it is recognized as a catalyst of chic. On these eight pages are samplings of what some great Italian designers displayed at their recent showings. All were photographed in Portugal, the post playground of the Western world.



LIRICO

Above is evidence of what Angelo Lirico has achieved with wool knit in his sportswear collection for Game. Left: a knit-vest, zip-front battle jacket, a T-neck, and plaid slacks. Center: a double-breasted battle jacket worn with matching slacks. Right: a plaid sleeveless wool-knit pullover. The setting is the Palace de Marques de Pombal near Nazaré.



SIVIGLIA

Photographed on the beach at Eilat, the Western look of evening suits of black wool and Remberg satin by Sergio. Far left: a classic one-button shaped jacket with peak lapels, patch pockets, and ruffled sleeves. Above left: a jeans-style jacket with zip front. The flared slacks are stitched in red. Both suits are available at Alexander's, New York. The seated musician is Joel Parness from the Club "D Amade" in Caracas.



TESTA

Further examples of the quilted look created by Testa a year and a half or so ago. Left: a quilted cotton jacket with large diagonal zip front, quilted pockets, matching slacks. Center: a greyish linen quilted cotton suit, the jacket a classic model with two-button front, wide notched lapels, flap pockets. Both are available at Jackie Rogers, New York. The silver-helmeted spear carriers are members of the fire department at Peco d'Alcaz.



DATTI

Two Datti versions of the body-hugging short-jacket sport suit in lightweight, hairless-striped wools. The one at the left above buttons to a stand-up collar and has upper patch pockets with flaps. At right is a model with a wide, notched lapel, lower patch pockets. Both have matching flared docks. They were photographed on the square in Estoril, close by the beach, which has become the Costa del Sol of Portugal.

FENDI

The cardigan jacket as re-created by Fendi in fur. Left: par-bird golden-eyed mink in a wrap style with a wide suede belt. Center: a beige-dyed Sankara Persian lamb with button front, waistband and sleeve and pocket cuffs in mixed-kind wool. Right: a natural ranch mink with a button front, patch pockets and brown leather belt. The mink-on-suede is the harbor at Cascais where fishing boats unload their catch.

Photographed by Alex Warburton

DI LAURIANO

Here, another house that excels in the put-together concept. At the left, a printed double-knit, two-button cardigan with heather-mix jersey shirt and double-knit wool slacks. Center: a wide-ribbed, knee-length coat sweater (six-button front and patch pockets) with matching slacks. With it, a sleeveless V-neck pullover and color-coordinated shirt. Right: a wide-knit collarless sweater which buttons to the neck and has matching wool slacks and a shirt that dyed to echo the dot in the sweater and slacks. The background: the Hotel Palazzo in Esbri, watering place of kings without a dual.



MISSONI

Here Ottavio and Rosita Missoni, masters of knitwear separates for men and women, have designed, from left to right: a sleeveless pullover worn with a plaid-colored shirt; a V-neck cardigan and collarless pullover shirt; a long-sleeved V-neck pullover with a button-front shirt; a sleeveless pullover worn over a button-front shirt. All are worn with solid-color, double-knit slacks. The locale: the Perla Palace in Sintra.



PALAZZI

Two of the best coats to be found anywhere, both by Carlo Palazzi, both exhibiting his classic style, his functional purpose. Left: a mid-length trench in well-tailored and unconstructed double-faced wool,

plaid on the outside, camel flannel inside. Right: a double-woven cashmere, dark belted, wrap-style coat with large notched collar, wide lapels. Both are available at Jockey in New York.

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SUNTORY ROYAL WHISKY



BY HIS DEEDS

(Continued from page 50) did not bark at prospects for some kind of bill this year.

The adjustment of Kennedy's health issue is inseparable from its politics. The cross-country tour of hospitals had advanced him, statehood, went conferences and a traveling press corps, put him a national campaign. Among health careers present the kind of workday was that has rendered Kennedy popularity among Massachusetts Democrats as well as Boston-area liberals.

The eight-year-old vote Kennedy was the first to suggest that the voting age could be lowered swiftly and easily by statute rather than by Constitutional amendment, and he developed the strategy of shortening a battle. House committee by making the eight-year-old bill a Senate vote on the House-passed Voting Rights Act. It was Senator Mansfield, the Democratic floor leader, who actually put the plan into motion, teaching off a flurry of counterclaims for credit between the efforts of the two Democrats, who are normally on left-and-right terms. After the state had been enacted, spending authorities of the reworking Constitutional amendment, there seemed to be credit enough for everyone.

In the start of the voting bill, Kennedy was more rather than less effective in the wake of Chappaquiddick. He had been unable to get out as fresh of this youth movement while his brother Bobby was a Presidential candidate and when he later became one himself, because it would have looked patently self-serving. After the accident, he felt as each referendum approach.

Kennedy, looking at the big picture: "The eight-year-old rule is important, but I like to think of it as a broader statement, the expression of the freedom. It began with the poll tax, then the fight for fair Congressional representation. The eight-year-old rule was a logical extension, and now we're into universal voter registration. It's a whole area of activity I've entered in."

Kennedy is clearly involved in other issues which his staff calls "institutional," not subject to very rapid movement because of political opposition. He had a strong hand in the Gun Control Act of 1968 and other issues as representative to Senate Attorney General John Sherman on housing and regulation. He has worked for years to authorize more spending of aid, to lower minimum prices in the Northeast. In both cases, the Nixon Administration is so busy on the other side that Kennedy has been unable to make any helpful suggestions.

To keep tabs on these and some two dozen other issues, Kennedy went off immediately on a professional staff, and more of it than his famous office. However, he provides. He is still far short of enough activity for a complete citizenship, but the four law considerations he can handle regularly a dozen professionals, mostly bright young men.

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year, which considerably increases his total Senate work force.

A subcommittee chairmanship, while desirably to be wished, is not that easy to get. Kennedy managed to acquire the health subcommittee, a major subcommittee, when Senator Ralph Yarborough, its previous leader, was beaten in the 1970 Texas primary and three other Democrats runner in Kennedy were willing to cede their prior right. Being a Kennedy, even a non-candidate Kennedy, probably didn't hurt there. Kennedy's staff has been consistently regarded as one of the best in Capitol Hill, and his detractors maintain that he is overly independent, only able to function with clarity and effectiveness in his public appearances because he has been thoroughly briefed just before by his aides.

"I think Teddy has deteriorated as a Senator," a disaffected Congressional correspondent said. "He's really not a good debater. He's not good enough on the facts, and he tends to have a me-track mind. His staff pulls him along, and I have the feeling that some days Teddy doesn't know where he's going."

Fortunately enough, the view from inside the Kennedy Senate office is very different. "He recruits good people, and he uses them well," a top Kennedy aide said with only a trace of modesty. "You don't just serve someone up to the Senator. Half the job is acquiring things out with him, discussing every issue. He has more deeply held views than the staff does, to a large extent. He draws up the map, and then we fill in the mountains and valleys and rivers."

Kennedy, carefully. "If a Senator is going to be on top of any issue, it takes a close working relationship with knowledgeable, energetic, imaginative people who have some sense of vision and practical experience as well. I've profited immensely from working with such people. I suppose each person learns by a different process, but you can only learn so much from reading and studying yourself."

There is some evidence that the public opinion and newspapermen who see the post-candidate Kennedy as a tentative, less-effective Senator are getting judgment from pre-candidate political standards. They are continuously reminded that he has trouble maintaining the more modest of his side of the political scene attention in the media so he did believe, when he might be the next President Kennedy. But this does not necessarily mean that he is retreating now, it simply means he is not impressing a group of people who no longer watch him as closely as with the same mixture of fascination, envy and fear.

Sometimes when you talk with a reporter who haunts himself a Kennedy specialist, you can draw, down under, with his offhand dismissal of the current Senator, a lurking feeling that Kennedy himself was at Chappaquiddick, that the candidate carelessly destroyed the credibility, could a great speaking stage, and that everything

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ment. Paul Marikham started to mount the Shattuck courtship steps, and glanced that picture of Kennedy. Kennedy smiled then quietly, making eye contact. "It was destiny to be at this time that nothing had been done."

"There was no connection. There was no—He was just seated there at the table," Marikham and Gargan moved Kennedy into his room like a pile of laundry and closed the door.

"I didn't report it," Kennedy said. Although Marikham pulled out of Kennedy his hundred memories of evening news, of his night just sitting on the bed in the hotel. "It was just a nightmare." Kennedy reported Kennedy as having said "I was not once close to it happened." And even he described the one, the ending of the bed, the last day of Kennedy. Part of Kennedy's mental process had obviously changed there, then.

Shared now by Marikham and Gargan only subsequently, with his adolescent's suspicion about the location of the plane, was to be the distinct change, "The time to realize that I was being someone here and not for thirty years and now that you can't get on an airplane without Mr. Davis, in a helicopter. I know all the machines on your island well and I wanted a place where the Senator could feel perfectly." Kennedy was forced back to the Chippewa's side to "find little things that look like an M.T.A. station with a plane in it just inside the drive-off," Steve Evans, the Marikham driver, who helped look and avoid the public life of the President Kennedy's manner as a young man, understood. While Marikham and Gargan waited, Kennedy slipped into the pay station and was able then later to put himself in touch with David Burke in Arlington, Virginia. Kennedy reached in the suitcase the Burke told him to try to verify Marikham, to go to the Old Senate Office Building, and to prepare himself for a office of telephone aide. Perhaps was that another that happened to him that was married after, the sound of David Burke's voice, even Kennedy's home, with its home references of reverberations of others from, started early to ground Kennedy, before he was in the immediate past of Kennedy's mind a touch of happiness that this thing had indeed happened, was that power now. Burke stepped at the end of the distance his employer now suffered. Throughout the rest of that Sunday, Burke telephoned the people he himself felt they would be required to do for some kind of grip they could establish on things. By early evening, Kenneth Duke Deane in letters and told those in the Washington press as well as he could, Burke might be the shuttle to Boston. A person's knowledge enough to know who David was able to the editor's note.

"All I saw was a number of things that were moving on the way," the reporter opened gently. "It wasn't working, hanging together at all. Don't you think you should make some kind of . . . of

full disclosure now?"

"No," Burke said. "I don't think we're going to do that. The Senator is not a very good shape, I'm going to go up there, and make it under a tree with him, and then we'll be in a state."

With Burke, as even, early began. Kennedy stepped from the pay station, body motion up, undisturbedly stable. By that time, Kennedy's first department state drive, John Parker, had told the corpse of Mary Jo Kennedy out of Kennedy's spouse-don't-God-forsake the way in almost perfect physical condition, "as if she had just come from a party," dressed in a white blouse and blue slacks, smiling, and his arms open close left. Some chairs had been in and her hands were rigidly closed, apparently from holding herself so as to keep her face as long as she could in the trapped air of the room. However, former Governor Charles Kennedy's name, too, Wood of the accident had worked its way back to the Chippewa's side. Every day by that time, David Marikham, the On Plover's village for the Saturday-morning shift, was back to Kennedy and all the photos in Washington. He told Marikham that the car that had come off Dale Bridge had been identified as Senator Kennedy's. "I asked him if he was aware of the way that he was in, we just heard about it." Then Marikham took all three of them back to the start at Kilgus.

When Kennedy hurried up the Kilgus's oblique to turn himself in to Chief Anna, Marikham went down Gargan, as Kennedy's suggestion, then out to the Eastern Shore to break the news to the others. The couple as Gargan appears to have added it to the list. Indeed, a midnight's later Kennedy appearing outside the Lawrence cottage, surrounded Marikham and himself, and demanding, without further word, that the two of them "go in to Edgewater." The moment the three reached the ferry slip the Senator slowly drove off, driving and Marikham jumped as after him to hear their both were to arrive before Judge Deane, but couldn't override Kennedy and understand, immediately and worked, to the situation. Gargan also informed the group that Mary Jo was now, it would appear, dead, this meant "her mother's medical knowledge" among the affected girls.

David Edgewater Police Chief Donnell Aron had indicated that the 1963-1964 model of the Oldsmobile he was starting to work up out of Trucks Pond to be brought in and repaired. Kennedy was there already. The bus played a day later read of Twenty Questions over the radio: Peter Aron: "I am sorry, I have some bad news, your car was in an accident out here and the young lady is dead."

Kennedy: "Can you tell me what time

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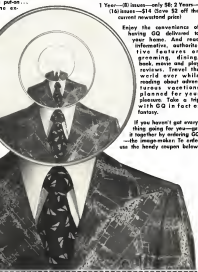
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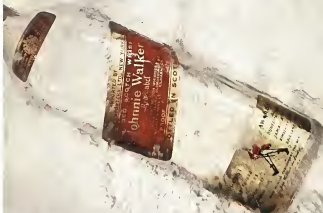
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